A little thought may save a big disaster.—See page ii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 515 SATURDAY APRIL 15. 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin. We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

April 15, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you must fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

April 15, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....

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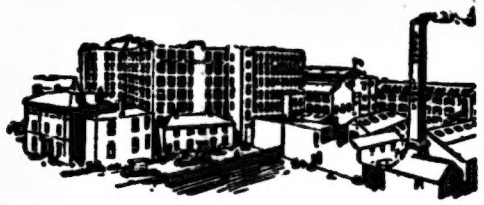
are the best for hard-working dogs.

Sample and Booklet free from

THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng



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DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

For Economy and Strength.

See that every lamp sold as OSRAM bears the words, "G. E. C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

As a cyclist you must know that greater comfort means greater mileage, greater pleasure

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saddles ensure that greater comfort always, for they are supreme in all essential qualities

Choose your model from the BROOKS BOOK which is free.

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"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money

THE
BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd.

Coventry House, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 8/6. Children's 7/6. Sou'-westers, 1/6. Long Leggings, 1/6. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

Interesting to FLASH LAMP users only.

Continuous light without exhausting battery

"HEREIAM"

fixed in your pocket lamp or torch gives a rayless light, lasting 15 minutes every time you switch off. Invaluable in dark districts. If unobtainable locally, write—

THE HEREIAM CO., 33, Coombe Rd., Brighton, Inventors & Manufacturers.

POST FREE. Small 7d. Large 1/1

RHEUMATISM & LUMBAGO.

Sufferers from these and allied painful affections should try

Regd. **"POTEX"** Trade Mark

A new Remedy prepared from the active principles of the potato, &c. To be rubbed in night and morning wherever pain is felt.

In Bottles 1/3 and 2/6 each.

THE "SANITAS" Co., Ltd., Limehouse, E.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 515. Week ending Saturday, April 15th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

A "Bottomley" Budget.

We are getting on. Taxes on amusements, race horses and "balloon juice"—three of our old Budget suggestions which used to shock the House of Commons and make successive Chancellors of the Exchequer turn up the whites of their eyes to Heaven in holy horror! Duties on advertisements and a State issue of Premium Bonds will soon follow as a matter of course; and later on, after a short period of further education, we shall have a tax on betting and other forms of gambling. That, we suppose, is why a well-known M.P. called it a "Bottomley" Budget.

Bank Brigands.

But when shall we have a Chancellor with pluck enough to tackle the banks and compel them to disclose and disgorge the millions of Dormant Balances and Unclaimed Securities now in their possession? The immunity of these bank brigands from parliamentary control is one of the marvels of our time.

Thanks.

Apropos of the fight between the *Alcantara* and the *Greif*, we hear wonderful accounts of the part played by the *Andes*—to whose crew considerable praise would appear to be due.

Lieut. Brandon.

And whilst we are reluctant to say a word in depreciation of the alleged exploits of any flying man or other popular hero, we have received from an apparently trustworthy source a somewhat different account of the capture of Zeppelin L15 from that which has appeared in the Press. We suggest that the Admiralty should make itself acquainted with the exact part which the crew of a certain trawler played in the drama.

Robertson's Rot.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., who was for some time Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, has been writing upon the Allies' terms of peace, and here is one of his brilliant ideas: "As for the German fleet, I should like to see Britain refusing to take any ships of war. Let them go to the Allies. We, in effect, have no need of them, and to take them would be to give colour to the idiotic calumny that we went to war to get them." Do you wonder that the war is dragging on?

"The Mystery of 666."

Since the appearance of our recent article in the *Sunday Pictorial*, we have been "snowed under" with correspondence relating to the subject, to which we shall probably return at an early date. Meanwhile, we are much interested in many of the letters received.

Why?

What was the motive of the Government in keeping back for two days the news of the explosion in Kent?

If You See It——"

The old story. You remember what we said last week; and now it is announced that Lord Derby has had enough of the Air Committee.

Why Not?

It is pointed out to us that we call our soldiers Tommies and our sailors Jacks, and it is asked—what about a nickname for the flying men? What is the matter with Billies? See the point?

More Compliments.

From the Governor of a large Workhouse: "I do not want to flatter you too much, but JOHN BULL has taught me to hate a nauseating, effeminate Christianity, and to revel in a strong, virile, practical religion." Good.

A "Good" Boy.

We gather from a recent Life of the Rev. F. B. Meyer that "it was never any trouble to Freddy to put away his toys on Sunday, *but he was never really happy if his sister's toys were not put away too.*" He hasn't changed much with time, has he?

Belated Honours.

The soldiers who distinguished themselves when the German fleet attacked the Hartlepools have just been honoured. Has it taken since December, 1914, then, to find out what they did?

The Aeroplane Fund.

It is wonderful how the public has taken up the suggestion, recently made by Mr. A. G. Hales in this journal, for a penny subscription from the citizens of each town for the purpose of providing an aerial patrol against Zeppelin attacks. A large number of readers have already sent in subscriptions, which, however, we have returned, as our hands are too full to permit of our undertaking the organisation of so large a scheme. We are, however, proposing to communicate with the Mayors of the various Boroughs in regard to the matter. Meanwhile, here is a typical extract from one of the letters: "I am willing to give a shilling, and even sell my wedding ring, after reading your article, and am sure a lot more here would do the same."

To Our Provincial Readers.

Our next issue, in consequence of the Easter holidays, will be on sale *throughout the country* on Wednesday. This alteration in our publishing arrangements will, of course, be in force for that week only.

Everywoman's.

How everyone is talking about this clean and bright little weekly! Have you yet introduced it to your wife? If not, do so at once—it is only a penny, every Tuesday.

JOHN BULL Abroad.

An attractive new journal, the *All British*, has recently made its bow to the public of Western Australia, and in the course of an interesting letter the Editor informs us that this, his "first essay in journalism," is "framed on JOHN BULL." Such imitation is much too practical a tribute to be dismissed as mere flattery, and we warmly appreciate "the compliment implied." Meanwhile, a Valparaiso reader has "boiled down" one of our recent leading articles, and translated it into Spanish, for publication in *La Patria*, a newspaper of French connections which, in the somewhat uncongenial atmosphere of South America, vigorously upholds the cause of the Allies. "I hope that as it is in a good cause you will not mind," writes our interpreter. On the contrary, we are tickled to death.

"War Organisation Committee."

Apropos of the paragraph in our issue of March 25th, under the above title, we have now had an opportunity of looking fully into the scheme to which we referred, and are satisfied that there is nothing in it in common with the "Anzac" project to which we likened it. It would appear to be a genuine plan for the purpose of defraying the outstanding liabilities of the Voluntary Recruiting League, which body undoubtedly did a large amount of good work in the early days of the war. We hope, therefore, that any readers who may have been led by our previous remarks to suspend their support will now do their best to assist the scheme. Any further information may be obtained from Mr. Henry A. Ashton, the War Organisation Committee, 175, Piccadilly, W.

The Viceroy's Bandmaster.

In spite of vigorous popular protests, Lord Hardinge persisted, till the end of his term of office, in retaining the services of Herr E. Büchner, his German bandmaster; but we venture to hope that Lord Chelmsford, who has now taken up the duties of Viceroy, will display a sounder sense of the fitness of things, and a closer regard for the sentiments of the loyal population of India. Meanwhile, much credit is due to the European Association, a body including most of the leading European residents in India outside the Civil Service, for their untiring efforts to procure the dismissal and internment of Herr Büchner. So far the representations of the Association seem to have been treated with scant courtesy, but from Lord Chelmsford we expect a franker recognition of the issues involved.

Drudgery and Damages.

According to her parents, Louisa Hawker, a twelve-year-old girl, killed at Blackwall by a passing motor trailer, was a "motherly" child. At the time of the fatal accident she was pushing two babies in a perambulator, with another toddler at her side. The parents sued the owners of the motor for damages, the whole case turning upon the possible "earning capacity" of the little girl. In the witness-box the mother was not ashamed to state that, while she had gone out as a maternity nurse, the child had "looked after the house, done the morning cleaning, made the beds, cooked the dinner, taken her father's dinner to his work, and bought all the food in the market, besides attending school with unfailing regularity." In respect of their "pain and grief" the parents were entitled to no compensation, but because the child had drudged from dawn to dusk, £75 damages were awarded. Poor "little mother"! And a daily newspaper describes her existence as "a beautiful young life"!

Helping the Huns.

A Dover pilot sends us an original specimen of the confidential instructions issued by the Admiralty to the captains of merchant vessels passing through the Downs *en route* for North Sea ports. This document was handed to him by a *foreign* shipmaster. He writes: "Do you think it fair that those sailing directions should be given to foreigners, who can take a copy of them for the enemy? Is it any wonder that the enemy know just where to sow their mines?" We see the point, of course; but our friend should remember that we are a polite people, and there are more tears in Whitehall over one "note" from Washington than over the ninety and nine British vessels that go silently to their doom.

No Children Wanted.

A brave man, serving on mine-sweepers for more than twenty months, has a bitter complaint to make about enemies at home, in addition to those he willingly faces at sea. He has a wife and four children, and the good woman is broken-hearted because she cannot procure suitable house accommodation. "No children wanted," is the parrot-cry, cruel and remorseless, that greets her on every hand, and this at a time when children are, surely, among the nation's most priceless possessions. Here is one of the replies to her applications:—"217, Union Street, Aberdeen. Dear Madam,—Urquhart Road Property.—Referring to your enquiries, we regret we cannot see our way to let the house to you as we are trying, as far as possible, to let them to tenants without families.—Yours faithfully, Whincup, Carle, and Duthie." What kind of pluck does that put into a man risking his life in the grey North Sea?

An Englishman Abroad.

The strong air—not to say the hot air—of God's Own Country, has a baleful effect on some Englishmen when they orate in public. Take, as an example, some utterances by Dr. S. K. Ratcliffe, described as a "sociologist and lecturer of London University." Addressing an audience of college girls, he said he expected the war to end this year "because of the exhaustion of France. The Central Powers realise that the resistance of France is nearly at its last resource, and they hope to force a peace at once. A naval battle may also go disastrously for the Allies. The German Fleet is fresh and newly overhauled, while the British sailors are suffering the strain of eighteen months' nervous tension." Dr. Ratcliffe would never dare to talk such treacherous stuff in England, but it seems to be welcome to college girls in Philadelphia. Should he return to London University, his own students there must remember these sayings of his.

The Happy Jap.

A Vancouver Canadian who is presently "coming over to have a go at the Germhuns," he hopes, sends us a letter from a Japanese who replied to the advertisement of a man who wanted a marine engine. "In my usage," he states, "it has served me short period only. Educated in most excellent High School in Japan and in high hope of my condition bettering made my resolution and embarked for this nation. But things do not find themselves thus. Bad time eventuated and by necessity your servant most obediently fished on Fraser River the salmon. Too much Goddam Scottishmen there. I have signal honour to fight for this land and am distributing my property before I depart to encounter common foe, Goddam Hun, excuse me. price dollars 95. You may interview me. . . . Kindly ask serjeant at arms for ——, private. Your most obedient servant." Notwithstanding his manner of expressing himself, his heart is certainly in the right place.

Billing's Job.

Not only has Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., the famous air restorer, asked for a Government job, but he is evidently going to get one. "I hope," said Mr. Tennant, for the War Office, the other night in the House, "to be able to obtain the co-operation and assistance of the hon. member for dealing efficiently with these air raids." There is a saying among company directors and old Parliamentary hands that if you cannot silence your opponent you should give him a job. Let us hope Mr. Billing's will not be one with a gag in his mouth. We do not think it will be. But he must be careful—or they will be sending him up in one of those "dud" machines.

Outside Chapel.

Strange printed things are often given away outside chapels, but something new in the line was achieved the other Sunday when a young lady was handed a copy of the *Camberwell and Peckham Times*, a request also being conveyed to her that she would read a "Conscientious Objector's Defence" in the columns of that august journal. The lady has five brothers in the Army and Navy, so, naturally, she is indignant that such puerile piffle should be put into her hands. As the *Camberwell Times* prints the "Defence," written by an Object with too much "Conscience" and no pluck, we wonder whether it also lends itself to this unwelcome distribution of free copies.

Very Soft Soap.

Sir William Lever is great in trade—or has been; we hope he is not losing his grip on essential things, but we shiver a little when he says we must not boycott German trade after the war. It is true Germany will have a lot of dirty linen to wash and a big mess to clear up, but Sir William can surely do without such an unclean customer. Anyway, he is evidently no good judge of naval affairs, if these be his considered opinions:—"We ourselves should ask for no indemnity, and might even leave the fleet in the Kiel Canal as obsolete, the vessels being only fit to be blown up." We do not know whence the Soap King derives his information, unless it be Bedlam, for, as regards leaving the High Canal Fleet intact, well—that way madness lies.

A Postgirl.

Down in Essex is a plucky girl who looks after grandpa and grandma, and does her bit—a good big bit—in the bargain. She has taken a postman's round of eight miles, gets out of doors by six in the morning, tramps over ploughed fields to reach outlying farms, finishes the delivery, goes home and cooks the old people's dinner, and does another round of letters in the afternoon. Four months ago the Post Office promised her a waterproof cape and skirt—and the promise is all she has received. We do not like to think of that young woman making her way through snow and mud without proper protective clothing, and the G.P.O. at Southend should see to it that the official promise is speedily redeemed.

"Fire!"

Somewhere in Sussex there was wild affright when the dread cry of "Fire!" arose by night; arose, that is to say, with sudden warning, not in the night, but in the early morning. To come to sober prose, it was at 2.10 a.m. that an urgent call was sent to the nearest fire station, five miles away, the news being that a big hut in camp was blazing furiously. Perhaps the Army expected to see the gallant firemen dashing by with their engine, but nothing arrived until 4 o'clock, when there came a message from the fire station that, if the soldiers would send six horses, a fire engine would be lent. It was rather ungrateful to decline this magnificent offer, but there was some excuse. The fire had been put out by 3.30!

The Elastic Conscience.

The Rev. Mr. Harvey-Smith, who has assisted men to claim exemption and is a member of the Tribunal at Long Sutton, demurs to our remark about the elasticity of his conscience. He sends us a letter of his, printed in a Lincolnshire paper, in which he gives much advice and offers help to called-up men, and there are passages in the letter with which we are in entire accord. But when he writes that, in the interests of "fair play," he will, "even if he believe a man to be a shirker," still give his assistance, we are afraid we must, regretfully, part company.

Beery Boches.

We continue to receive amazing reports of the extraordinary privileges allowed to the Huns in the British Protectorate that was once German South-West Africa. "On the Kaiser's birthday," we read, "the Germans were allowed to shut up all their shops and 'pubs' so that our chaps couldn't get a drink; but they themselves were nearly all drunk. They were riding round in wagons singing the German and Austrian anthems, and wearing German flags." Perhaps, like the boy in the churchyard, they were singing to keep their spirits up; but we certainly agree that the alien residents of what is now a British domain should be made to behave civilly before their betters, and we sympathise with the indignation that has found vigorous expression in the South African press.

The War and the Concert Artistes.

A considerable number of our professional readers have taken up the cudgels on behalf of the War Emergency Entertainments Fund, started by Mr. Isidore de Lara to assist British singers and musicians. It will be remembered that we published the complaint of an artist who had hoped through the Fund to secure engagements at the concerts held under its auspices, but had received merely tickets for some of these very entertainments. Several of the defenders of Mr. de Lara state that, in the first instance, they, too, received such complimentary vouchers, followed by remunerative employment—and it is pretty evident from the number of letters which have reached us that something in the nature of a waiting list is inevitable, and that, had our friend exercised a little more patience, he would probably in due course have been more than satisfied. Over £3,000, raised by the personal efforts of Mr. de Lara and the Committee has been paid out in this way to artistes—all of whom speak in grateful terms of the assistance which the Fund has rendered them.

Now's Your Chance!

If you are a "woman or man and wife (without family), disabled or invalided sailor or soldier" in want of a post, there is, or was until lately, the very thing waiting for you at Winthorpe (Notts) Council School. That important educational establishment, needing a caretaker and cleaner, advertised in the *Nottingham Evening Post* to that effect, offering preference to persons of the above description. The duties were described as "usual cleaners' work and cooking, etc., for resident mistress," and the advantages and emoluments of the situation were stated to include residence in the schoolhouse, "rent, rates, coal, and 3s. a week allowed." It is, perhaps, nothing to the point that a "tweeny" maid in a suburban villa would look askance at 3s. a week "and all found" in exchange for her services, which certainly at that figure would not include cooking for her mistress. But what the "tweeny" would scorn the disabled soldier or sailor and his wife are expected to accept with gratitude. Obviously, the idea is to trade upon the pension of one of our broken defenders—a despicable form of meanness. Let Winthorpe Council School managers pay a living wage—or close the school, where, we should say, the pupils are unlikely to be taught the virtue of generosity, to say nothing of justice.

Same Old Story.

After a long delay, the Government recently sent out to our troops in France and Belgium 200,000 anti-shrapnel steel helmets, with more promised as soon as they were ready. The Government examined them, approved them, and passed them as highly satisfactory. Now it turns out that, like the curate's egg, they are good only in parts, for the Commander-in-Chief reports that the rubber pads and fittings are so inferior that the helmets press painfully on the heads of the men, who discard them whenever they are not watched. Will the voluble Under-Secretary for War be good enough to say who is to be inquired into for this?

The Creature and the Creed.

From that palatial dwelling, Rowton House, Camden Town, comes a screech and a scorning. It is from one G. Clark, the gentleman who was recently the subject of our remark, "What a Devilish Creed." "You should be boiled in oil," he remarks, "till you shriek and strugle and gurgle and gugle, vitriol and potash on you, the sentiments of John Bull and all the editorial staff, may you be hung drawn and quartered and perish in the smoke of your Ancestors and may all the venom of the newspaper shrapnel which has been emitted from your columns since its first publication materialise and rebound and blast the Editorial Staff to where most Editors go and others to follow." Apparently we have offended the gentleman and he is rather cross.

Caretaking for Soldiers.

When Mr. Atkins, having done his bit, is discharged and on the shelf, there should be many openings for him in those banks, offices and other business premises, public as well as private, where policemen are at present largely employed as caretakers or housekeepers. The advantage would be all on the side of the employer, for an ex-soldier, having no other work, would be always on the spot; whereas the policeman, by the nature of his duties in the force; is frequently absent, and often on night-duty—just when his caretaking or housekeeping is most urgently needed. When he is at home, he is, or should be, resting, preparing himself for the fit performance of the work for which he draws public pay, and in this manner the house or office comes to be looked after and guarded, not by him, but by his wife. The soldier-man would be grateful for employment of the kind, for which he is specially fitted, and would give it his sole attention.

A Shock.

We have given several instances of enterprising tradesmen who, greedy for gain from the graveyard, hover at death's doorwith their wares. Now comes the turn of the Warwick Agency, "Specially Established for the Purchase of Uniforms," of 26, Wilfred Street, Palace Street, Victoria Street, S.W. Three days after the death, in a military hospital, of a private soldier, his mother, heart-sore for the death of her boy, received a letter from the Warwick Agency, addressed to the lad's executors:—"We respectfully direct your attention that we purchase gentlemen's wardrobes of clothing, etc. Should you have anything in that way and will allow our representative to call, he will offer you a price for them and clear them at the same time." Is there nobody at the Warwick Agency with decent feeling enough to stop this distressing form of trade? Relatives in grief, mourning their dead as yet unburied, must not be pestered about the sale and barter of clothes only just stripped from the corpse. Such a letter, coming to a mother, is indecent and cruel, because it tears her heart-strings while it hints she itches to make money from her loss.

The Hamburg Office.

It is rather curious to find, in a daily paper, an advertisement by the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, which not only states the addresses of their offices in London and in New York, but also records this:—"Hamburg Agency, 27, Alsterdamm." Surely their Hamburg office has closed down for the time being. If so, why chronicle its whereabouts in the daily papers?

Very Queer.

We have once or twice made reference to the firm of Falk, Stadelmann and Co., which, though black-listed by the Australian Government, is apparently permitted to trade in this country without let or hindrance. Now comes an item of circumstantial evidence in the shape of a "button" taken from a lamp supplied from the firm, on the business side of which we read "Best English Made"; while on the reverse, normally hidden from the vulgar gaze, there appears the legend "Made in Austria." It may mean, of course, that the lamp is made in England and the button in Austria, but it's a bit funny, isn't it? Will somebody please explain?

Bournemouth Behindhand.

Bournemouth might get a useful move on and train a few women and girls to take the places of the strong, hefty drivers and conductors of the Corporation's cars, who must be thirsting to depart to their duty. As petrol is short and dear, the fleet of char-a-bancs which mobilises every morning in the Square might be advantageously depleted, and the men on them provided with other and more fitting employment. Behind the counters and in the shops there are numbers of young men grieving because they have been overlooked and objecting to be detained to minister to the wants of the purse-proud and vulgar rich when there is plenty of room for them on the field of honour. In short, Bournemouth is slacking.

Comedy and Pathos.

Scene: The interior of an omnibus, journeying somewhere in London. *Characters Present:* Enough to fill every seat. Enter a lady. A young man, not in khaki, rises, and offers her his seat. *The Dialogue.—Lady:* "No, thank you, I cannot accept a slacker's seat." *Young Man:* "Have you any friends serving, madam?" *Lady:* "Yes. Why do you ask?" *Young Man:* "Because perhaps you would kindly enquire whether either of them has found two fingers and a thumb"—(showing his maimed hand)—"which I left at the front!" *Curtain*—in time to veil the discomfiture of lady.—The comedy actually occurred as we have related it, and should serve as a warning to ladies whose thoughtless stupidity assumes a form of persecution almost as mischievous as the discredited white feather business.

Parodying the Terrible.

From the trenches comes a vigorous criticism of those dummy trenches at the Active Service Exhibition, Knightsbridge. When you think of it, it is rather absurd to announce the "trenches" as "the best shelter from snow and sleet," especially as they are warranted to be the "real" thing, "bringing home something of the real meaning of trench warfare." Our soldier friend is caustically sarcastic at the idea of the Bombardment of Ypres being featured as an item of entertainment, and the same objection applies to the Sniper's Post—a post of honour, danger, and, only too often, death. Then, instead of that tug-of-war with barbed wire, he suggests cat's-cradle; he, however, envies "splinterless glass," because on the spot they have to be content with glassless glass! Regarding the "prices of admission to the trenches," he writes:—"Ah! that's a win for us; ours are free to all who will come!"

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The closely-hidden shirker,
By dread of duty haunted,
Though a munitions worker
Will find that he is "wanted."

McKenna's monster Budget
John faces uncomplaining;
He'll pay, nor will he grudge it,
To win the fight we're *gaining*!

We fancy it will puzzle
The Government, though willing,
To fix the usual muzzle
Upon the strenuous Billing.

The little Dutchman trembles
To see upon his borders
The Deutcher, who dissembles
The nature of his orders.

The Income Tax collector
Finds ministers and workers
Have found a good protector,
But thinks them selfish shirkers.

Since Huns have carried slaughter
Across the coast of Scotland,
They'll find it, as they oughter,
A most unhealthy, hot land.

L'Entente.

Have you seen the new French daily paper, "dedicated to the expansion of the Anglo-French Alliance"—for the first number of which we have had the honour of writing a message from Britannia to France?

L. G. O. C.

The London General Omnibus Company cannot be considered generous when it allows the wife of a soldier, an Inspector of theirs with 18 years' service, the sum of 1s. 1d. a week. It is called "part salary"; but it is almost like refusing to part, being done with a dreadful wrench. Surely a good servant, with such a long record, deserves that his wife and children should be treated in a less niggardly fashion.

Paper and the Porter.

Paper must be running scarce when the hotels of the North Eastern Railway—not by any means cheap establishments—issue a printed notice that "the Manager would be glad if Visitors would kindly ask the Hall Porter for any Note-paper they require." Fancy arriving at Newcastle at 11 o'clock at night, and then having to run about and find John, the porter, before being able to write a line home!

A Twopenny Day.

Several readers have suggested that for one week only the price of our journal should be raised to twopence, the extra receipts being devoted to an Aeroplane Fund, or some other special purpose. What do you think about it?

The Deer of Aberdeen.

What is this we hear about the deer on the large Aberdeen estates—particularly that of Fife—overrunning, inbreeding, dying, rotting and polluting the river from which the water supply is obtained? And what splendid food is being wasted!

Blushing Honours.

The *Birmingham Gazette* gives a long account of Messrs. Cadbury's appearance before the Birmingham Tribunal, records that the cocoa firm applied for the exemption of 148 men, and then, perhaps in a fit of absent-mindedness, heads its report, "A Patriotic Firm." We can picture the Messrs. Cadbury, bewildered, blushing beneath the soft impeachment, and wondering how they came to be discovered.

NOW'S OUR CHANCE.

HOW TO "USE" HUGHES—SPRING AND VICTORY.

By the Editor

The Downy Doves and the Dying Ducks of Downing Street are in a terrible flutter—but they are dying bravely. True, they cannot see their way to fix a date at present for the further consideration of the Air Service and other war details of that kind, but they *have* given a whole day to the discussion of their own salaries, and decided, in the end, not to interfere with them. "Leave well alone" is their motto! But there is one subject upon which we venture, with the profoundest humility, to suggest they should for the moment concentrate their moribund domes of thought—and that is the forthcoming Trade Conference of the Allies. We really must be getting along with our Terms of Peace—and they must include the commercial as well as the military annihilation of Germany. A brutal doctrine, some will say; but war is a brutal business—and they who appeal to its arbitrament must abide by its verdict.

Who Shall Represent Us?

That is the question. For a long time the Downy Doves wanted it all their own way—we mean, the old birds amongst them. They wouldn't even hear of Mr. Bonar Law—to say nothing of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. You see, these were men of Business experience—and what could *they* know of trade? They did their best to shelve Mr. Hughes—the Practical Premier from "Down Under." But the public meant to have him there. We *must* use Hughes, they said. And we must have other men of affairs at the Conference. What on earth do the ordinary professional politicians know about such matters as will have to be discussed and settled? Just consider their qualifications. Take, first, Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose erudite treatise upon the "Foundations of Belief" has run into several editions. By virtue of his eminent achievements in the realm of Thought, Mr. Balfour directs the naval policy of the Government, devoting to the defence of the Empire the genius also once employed in the "Defence of Philosophic Doubt." It is no slight tribute to our British system of government that a gentleman of such delicate nurture should have been willing to accept the burden of Admiralty, whereas in Germany, for example, the control of the Fleet is in the hands of a common sailor, who, though distinguished in his own profession, has probably the vaguest conceptions of fundamental truth—or philosophic doubt. It is a vulgar arrangement. It has no dignity. It lacks grace. It almost seems as though the German people were obsessed with the idea that nothing matters but to win the war! Then there is Mr. Reginald McKenna, and there is Mr. Herbert Samuel. I can quote authority here to the effect that Mr. McKenna "combines a faculty for mathematics with a love of rowing, and has distinguished himself in the schools and on the river"—no mean qualities in a member of a War Cabinet! In the case of Mr. Samuel, I have similar authority for the statement that, "next to Mr. Asquith," he is "the most lucid debater in the Government." If this is true, Mr. Samuel must be *some* debater, for there are at least half-a-dozen of his Ministerial colleagues who could debate the hind leg off a donkey, and if words could win battles we should long before this have debated ourselves to Berlin. Then there is Mr. Asquith; but I need not catalogue the Prime Minister's obvious qualifications for the leadership of the British democracy in the greatest war in history. I may perhaps be permitted to mention, however, that at Oxford Mr. Asquith won the Craven Scholarship and a "double first" in "classical greats"—afterwards achieving signal distinction at the Parliamentary Bar. These things are matters of history, with which every educated German is tremblingly familiar. In the more active realm of public affairs, Mr. Asquith has achieved undying renown. He is the Hercules of a thousand arduous labours. In the Party struggle he dished the Tories and nobbled the House of Lords. With unfaltering courage he led the nation to the brink of civil war and then with consummate skill invited his opponents to help him out of his difficulties, thus with rare prescience paving the way for the formation of the present Coalition. I hope that every loyal citizen thanks Heaven on his knees each night for the good fortune which found Mr. Asquith at the helm at the outbreak of the European War. I am told that many good Germans mutter this thanksgiving in their sleep; but the Huns are a soulless race.

The Shattered Idol.

Still, I confess to some uneasiness as I find that this wonderful War Cabinet of ours is not venerated by those who have had first-hand experience of its methods and have shared its deliberations. There is Sir Edward Carson, for instance, who left the Ministry, as he told us, because the Cabinet had no "policy"; a policy, as I understand—I am all unlearned in these high matters—being a useful adjunct to the prosecution of a war; not essential, perhaps, but serviceable in the main. It was to the want of policy of the Foreign Office that Sir Edward's criticisms were chiefly directed, and I gathered that he doubted the fitness of Sir Edward Grey for the post of Foreign Minister! Then we have Mr. Churchill—throwing anything but bouquets at his late colleagues; and, altogether, it is very disconcerting. Hence it is that the public is prepared to risk the experiment of being represented by men who may not have the remotest idea of the difference between an estate in fee simple and in tail male, and who couldn't construe ten lines of Virgil to save their souls.

Now's Our Chance.

Do not let us make any mistake. Now is our chance to make victory doubly sure. Germhuny is beaten

to-day just as surely as if the gallant forces of the Allies were grounding arms in the streets of Berlin and singing the song of triumph along Unter den Linden. But that defeat is not yet complete, and never can be until the enemy is crushed commercially. We have, of course, first to maintain our military strength at its highest pitch; to place in the field in the support of splendid France every man we can find—every gun we can make. Do you think that if Australia were the determining factor in the provision of man power we should find her halting and hesitating between the rights of the single men and the greater claims of the married? No—a thousand times no! Men of the Hughes type would make short work of such a "difficulty." Yet here we already hear of Cabinet "crises," and a General Election or Compulsion—with more Ministerial resignations—is the choice; and there is just the possibility that we shall have both. But what do these things matter? We have sterner work in hand. Lord Kitchener has told us what he wants—and it is the Cabinet's duty to obey. The nation will forgive anything but weakness and indecision. A strong Government in time of war may make mistakes; but its strength is its excuse. A weak Government has no reason for continuing to exist. And the Government must be stronger and firmer over the Trade aspect of the war than it has been in regard to naval and military preparations in the past. It is the chance of a lifetime for us to undo some of the mischief which grew up under our old fiscal system—to get a bit of our own back. But we must keep an ever-watchful eye on the politicians—or they will sell us once more.

Hope in the West and in the East

Don't forget that the situation in France is full of hope, and that even the latest news from Mesopotamia is better. May the fears of Mr. Hales be dispelled by the early relief of General Townshend. Verdun is safe. After weeks of fighting, after months of preparation by the enemy, the "great endeavour" of the Germhuns has failed. Gallant France, supported as we now know by our own sturdy fellows, has broken the back of the enemy's offensive, and stopped for good and all the tide of invasion. There may still be—indeed, there must be—ebb and flow in the push from the one side and the thrust from the other. But France is adamant in her defence. Britain is a sure shield for our brave Ally, and in the time well and surely provided for, the Great Offensive will begin. Germhuny knows her fate. In her desperation she may dream new nightmares of frightfulness, and try to cover up her crimes by acts of added infamy. But you have only to read the wild and stupid speeches of her Chancellor to know that she is conscious of the fate in store for her; that she sees the failure of her hopes, the destruction of all her schemes writ large across the sky of her Destiny. She sees the world in arms against her; she is looking with anxious eyes to the United States, which at last, after months of provocation and weary miles of wordy despatches, is about to tread the path of national dignity and meet the insolent challenge of the enemy of neutral rights—the highwayman of the seas. Two little nations have risked all for honour's sake; now a third is making ready for what the Fates have in store. Holland, since the war-cloud burst in the summer of 1914, has been in no doubt as to what Germhuny would do if at any moment the violation of her territory, like the ruthless invasion of Belgium, could help her in her grim designs. That Teutonic humbug Von Jagow has just been shedding tears of protestation in the Reichstag and trying to justify the breach of his solemn pledge that Germhuny would uphold the neutrality of Belgium. Now he tells us that the "guilt for what has happened lies on Belgium's side." That is a "malicious and malignant lie," worthy of a man who has lost all sense of honour and has helped to lead his country through rapine and murder to that damnation of defeat which is reserved for nations which deny humanity and defy the world's Civilisation. That Holland is in a state of restlessness, that the Dutch people are anxious as to the immediate future, is plain for all to see; no one would be surprised if the Dutch troops now massed along the borders of the canal country found themselves suddenly at grips with an insolent and an exacting enemy. If that day comes, so we may see a startling and dramatic change in the course of the war which would put Berlin within reach of the Allies and bring peace before the tulips have died down in the fields of Holland. Don't forget the Germhuns entered Belgium through "the neck of the bottle"; they now fear the day when they will be driven out; and "the neck" won't be big enough for the hosts of retreating Huns; that is why they may try to break through the land of the Dutch—the side of the bottle.

Peace Which Strips Power.

Hardly a speech of importance is made now in Germhuny without speculations as to peace, and statements of the terms on which the enemy will be ready to sheathe the sword. This is a good and a healthy sign. But we must not count too much upon such indications and admissions. The only peace the Allies can make with Germhuny is a peace which strips her of every shred of power, hangs the All Highest and his murder-gang to the gallows of a world's indignation, breaks Prussian power on land and on sea, and secures for the Allies, who have poured out their blood and treasure so lavishly on the altar of international liberty, a crushing ascendancy in the markets of the world. And so we come back to the pressing need for strong men, the Imperial necessity that statesmen of the type of the Prime Minister of Australia should be joined with our mandarins and muddlers in the great task of preparing for the days that will follow the war, and in arranging the terms on which, when the hour of victory strikes, we will permit the Germhun people to return to their sausages and beer. It is unthinkable that we should leave to men who have muddled war to make and mar, as I know they would do, peace. This is not our war; it is an Empire's war. From every quarter of the King's Dominions our lusty sons have come, eager only to take their part in fighting the battle of Freedom against the menace of the Hun. And we must recognise their right to have a say in the settlement of the Great Account. They have helped to pay the price in blood and money; they have freely taken their share in "footing the bill"; they have a right to expect a voice in the final reckoning.

THE CRIME AGAINST TOWNSHEND.

BUTCHERED TO MAKE A FOOL'S HOLIDAY.

By A. G. Hales.

I was the first man in England to call public attention to General Townshend's need of succour, and the facts I then published forced this Government of drones to send aid to the ablest British general now on active service. The authorities did not, however, send a proper force in full strength; a perfectly inadequate relief column was dispatched, and the result so far is—failure. For one hundred and thirty days this great soldier has stood at bay, hemmed in on all sides, and he has kept the flag flying. He is a hero, and the men under his command are great. He and they will stand and fight—no matter how great the odds may be against them—as long as they have a cartridge left. Famine will not daunt them, nor will fever or plague tame them. They are men to be proud of—and dunces and phrase-makers have juggled with their lives as though they were only counters in a mere game of chance. And you, the people of Britain, stand by like a flock of sheep and do nothing! As my soul liveth, men of Great Britain, you are not worth fighting for; you are not worth the sacrifice these men are making! You have grown as tame as toads. Time was when such conduct on the part of men in power would have brought the nation's wrath swiftly to the surface. It was time we had a war, for the fat years of peace have caused the gangrene of degeneration to set in.

One Hundred and Thirty Days.

Think of it! In less than one hundred and thirty days a Turenne or a Napoleon would have swept over half Europe. We have got a most accursed imbecile somewhere very near the top of things; why is he not "scrapped"? How long have we to endure a man who does not know his own mind; a man over whose head should be written in letters of stone: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"? If General Birdwood had been given the full force of the Anzacs and had been allowed a free hand in Mesopotamia, he and they would have succoured Townshend ere this. I think a few Anzacs were sent to Mesopotamia, but there are thousands of that lion-breed in camps in England now; I believe there are more on the sodden soil of France. They are children of the sun—they were and are the ideal men for the fiery deserts of Mesopotamia. And because they were men fashioned by God and nature for just such a task as the saving of Townshend in a burning climate, the wise ones who sit in the seats of the mighty relegate most of them to the cold, damp climate of England and Northern France. If they were traders they would send silk to Siberia and furs to Hindustan—of such is the kingdom of the cap-and-bells! Will they save Townshend and his gallant few? This time they ought to manage to get to Kut, even after 130 days strewn with folly. Small credit to the authorities if they do; the credit will all belong to Townshend for holding out. He may be saved because he is a man of unending resource and lightning-like cleverness; a lesser man would have gone under long ere this, and our prestige in the East, already badly shaken by the *débâcle* at Gallipoli, would now be tumbling about our ears. If we had only had a couple of hundred fighting aeroplanes to send along with the relieving column, Townshend's safety would have been assured. We ought to have had them; there is no reason why we should not have had them, except that the men who control the destinies of this country have not sufficient imagination to see forty-eight hours ahead.

I loathe personalities in print, and never use a man's name unless compelled to do so. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, by his replies to queries in the House of Commons on this matter, forces me to break my rule. He has answered questions in such a way that the public have been led to believe that General Townshend never warned the authorities before he started for Baghdad that the force at his command was inadequate for the task. Does not Mr. Austen Chamberlain know better than that? If he does not, he is not fit to hold office. General Townshend *did* make such a protest; he told the authorities that the task was an impossible one unless he had at least an *army corps of two divisions*. Now, Mr. Chamberlain, I know this is on the official record; please look it up, for I will not permit you, sir, or any other politician, to question my veracity. It is also on official record, sir, that after that protest was made by a most experienced soldier, whose daring, dashing courage was, and is, a household word in the British Army, he was sent off to take Baghdad with only fourteen thousand men. It is also on record, sir, that on account of the utter inadequacy of his forces, he lost in killed and wounded four thousand five hundred men at the battle of Cesiphon, though he won a most marvellous victory on that occasion against terrific odds. The public should be told why this insane movement on Baghdad was made; the people have a right to know. I could write the real reason on my thumb-nail. The authorities had bungled the Gallipoli affair—and the expedition to Baghdad was their red-herring. It makes ugly reading, but it is true. And when Townshend had to retreat *ninety miles* from the vicinity of the Viala River to the banks of the Tigris—with an enemy between four and six divisions strong, superbly equipped, in hot pursuit—the authorities still sat sucking their thumbs, and did not send 50,000 men to his aid as they should have done. They say that they hadn't the men—where were the millions who even then had volunteered for service in Great Britain? Even if all those volunteers were needed elsewhere, 100,000 Zulus and Basutos from Africa could have been obtained. Townshend beat the Turks again on the banks of the Tigris, and thus cleverly out-generalled them and took up his present position.

"Wait and See" Again.

For 130 days the authorities have let him battle with destiny whilst they sent troops up in shameful driblets; they were, apparently, hoping that the Russians would draw off the Turks by their advance on the opposite side in the direction of Baghdad; but the Turks were too wily—they knew the Russians would never be able to get to Baghdad in time to help Townshend. It is a shameful position for us, this waiting for other nations to do our work. A great and desperate rush may yet save Townshend after 130 days of continuous fighting; but how many of his 14,000 will answer the muster-roll when Kut is relieved—if it ever is relieved—and what of the soldiers' wives and mothers? They inundate me with letters asking for information concerning their dear ones; I cannot cheer them, because the authorities will not let me go to Kut. Can anyone cheer these poor dear women now? I gravely doubt it. What about the Anzac athletes now in England? They might not arrive in time to save Townshend; but they would avenge him and his men, and they would leap to the battle-call like tigers—they owe the Turk something they are longing to pay. I asked a group of them about it, and they said in their sweet, shy way, "Let 'Bill' Birdwood lead us, and we'll pick Turks off the hobs of Hell, son!" *They haven't forgotten Gallipoli—if Asquith and Co. have!*

THE HIDDEN DANGER.

"A FOUL CANCER IN THE FAIR BODY OF BRITAIN."

By Charles Palmer, (Late Editor of the *Globe*.)

We have seen the danger of the naturalised German; he is a greater menace to this country than the enemy alien who is still allowed to be at large in his thousands. It is the duty of the Government to show that they realise the danger by taking immediate steps to amend the Law of Naturalisation. Do not forget—"Once a German always a German." That was said by a man who enjoyed all the rights of British citizenship: who had given allegiance to our King and who partook of the hospitality of this country. Yet after war broke out he was so little a subject of the country of his adoption, and so much a loyal German, that he did his best to smuggle soldiers of the Kaiser from England to Germany. He was sentenced to death for treason, but escaped on a legal technicality. It was not a defect in the rope, but in the law, that gave that man his life. And after he escaped the rope he was allowed at large and lived for months in an assumed name in a London suburb! Shades of common sense! What have we come to when we not only accept these "scrap-of-paper" men as honest citizens to be trusted, but when they are discovered in league with the enemy we let them go scot free on a technicality?

Traitors to the King.

Now I am not going to deny that there are men of German blood and birth who have come to this country in days that are gone to escape the tyranny of Prussian methods, and who have proved themselves loyal and honest "British" citizens. There are men of German parentage fighting in our Army to-day whose fathers and whose mothers pray for the success of the Allied cause, and would not lift a finger against our King and our country. But these are the exception; there are thousands of naturalised Germans in this country of ours who are watching the great struggle with anxiety; who secretly rejoice when the crime of the *Lusitania* is repeated; who look upon the Zeppelins as welcome messengers of death from the All Highest, and whose fervent hope is that Germany may triumph. Within the first month of war I tried to arouse the Government to a realisation of the danger from the enemy in our midst and to induce the then Home Secretary to undertake drastic action in the wholesale internment of the enemy alien. For that action of mine, taken in the public interest, I was threatened with the Defence of the Realm Act as a panic-maker. But it was the Government who were responsible for the panic; and after the mob riots in the East End, following the dastardly crime of the *Lusitania*—the first of a long and still continued series of callous murders on the high seas—the Cabinet began to intern in earnest. Yet even now there are thousands of Germans—unnaturalised Germans—at large in London and in the country. It is a disgrace that this scandal should continue, and it will be a dark stain on the character of any Government, be it Liberal or Unionist or Coalition—that combination of the weakest elements of both—if no final and effective action is taken until some enormity greater than usual, and some public outcry more menacing even than the shop-smashing in the East End of London, force the authorities to action.

Hidden and Greater Danger.

But, after all, the danger of the enemy alien—the man who is sufficiently open a German not to hide his heart under the cloak of naturalisation—is an obvious danger. It is the naturalised German who is the hidden danger, and therefore the greater danger. He is not the humble hair-dresser or the waiter—his position is often quite exalted in our social life; his place in business and in commerce is one of financial strength. The naturalised German of the type I have in mind has proved himself just as much the advance-guard of the Kaiser's Army as those Uhlans who violated Belgian territory and Belgian women. He came here, he pretended to change his nationality, he claimed and was granted all the privileges and freedom which only a British citizen can enjoy, and he proceeded at once to undermine our trade, which is the source of all our Naval and Military strength, the foundation of our Imperial power—ever working underground, steadily and stealthily, to prepare for "The Day." Under the cloak of the Companies Act he has called himself a British trading concern, and until public clamour once more gave warning to the Government, he was able to sue our own countrymen in our High Courts. For the moment, but unless we as a people bestir ourselves, for the moment only—or shall I say for the period of the war?—that scandal has been stopped. Companies which not long ago our judges were compelled to protect under the law because though German at heart they were English in name, are now being "wound up"—in other words, shut up. This is as it should be. The wonder and the pity is that the Government do not act until the People make clamour—that every right won for the Britisher against either the alien enemy or the naturalised German is dragged out of the Powers that be only through fear of an outraged national opinion.

Aid and Comfort to the Enemy.

Laws made by the lawyer-politicians seem to have been made with a wonderful regard for the foreigner, while their interpretation since war began has had the effect of comforting, if not succouring, the King's enemy. It is time that deep and drastic alterations were made in our laws; that those who are charged with the great responsibility of governing this country should take as their guiding mottoes "Britain for the British," and "the British Empire for the British People." So far only one statesman—Prime Minister Hughes—has understood the true nature of the naturalised German. What is more, he has dealt with him. He has made laws in Australia which have scotched his schemes for undermining our trade and commerce; he has routed the enemy out of the commercial and the social life of the Dominion, and he has now come to this country to seek the help of the British Government in killing him in trade as we intend to defeat him in war. This is what Mr. Hughes says: "German influence has permeated the fair body of Britain like the roots of a foul cancer. Its most dangerous disguise is *the cloak of naturalisation*."

How to Cut Out the Cancer.

That is the cancer we must cut out; and we can only do it thoroughly by dealing with the naturalised German. First of all let there be a test, and a drastic one, of the naturalised Germans already among us. Let their history and their antecedents be examined; by that means some useful "counting out" can be done. "Once a German always a German"—do not forget that. And with that knowledge, grant no more naturalisation papers to Germans. Remember they can take the oath in Britain and renounce it in Berlin—that is provided by German law. From this day let no German hold place or power, in trade or in commerce, in finance or in politics—and, above all, let no man of German birth be called to the counsels of the King.

THOROUGHBRED TRADERS.

BRITISH FIRMS AND A "BADISCHE" RECORD.

The natural history of "British" mercantile companies is a fascinating study, and we are glad to know that the published results of our researches in this field have been of material service to many who might otherwise have been confused by the swift commercial developments of the day. That traders in general are at length fully alive to the menace of German competition is evidenced by the terms of a resolution recently unanimously adopted. It runs:—

> The Committee of the British Manufacturers' Association view with considerable alarm the possibility of a sudden dumping of German and Austrian goods into this country immediately peace is declared, and they respectfully ask the President of the Board of Trade what measures he proposes to take to prevent such a calamity.

The question is an important one, and we commend it to our right honourable apology for a Minister of Commerce.

In a recent letter to the firm's customers, Mr. S. Strowe, Managing Director of British Metal and Toy Manufacturers, Limited, quotes the terms of the above resolution, and warmly invites all and sundry to "join the movement." It is peculiar that in a matter of this sort the lead should be taken by a concern so eminently "British" as the British Metal and Toy Manufacturers, Limited. This Company was registered in September, 1914. In December of the same year, Mr. Sydney Strowe appears as the vendor to the Company of 7,700 shares in another concern—J. Lunzer, Limited, also engaged in the manufacture of metal goods and toys. At this point, however, the records become slightly confused. In the original particulars referring to J. Lunzer, Limited, filed in 1909, there is no mention of that zealously patriotic British manufacturer, Mr. Sydney Strowe. There is, however, a Mr. Sigismund Stroh, also a Joseph Weil, and an S. Fleischman, and in January, 1915, Mr. Fleischman was a colleague of Mr. Sydney Strowe's in J. Lunzer, Limited, the principal shareholders in the renovated concern being the British Metal and Toy Manufacturers, Limited. Such are the intricacies of pure British descent.

The Case of the Badische.

Let us try again. We fancy the Minister of Munitions has some knowledge of the Badische Company, Limited, of Brunswick Place, City Road, N., manufacturers of dyes and chemical products. This excellent concern is a British Company, and can therefore have no sort of reason to be ashamed of its pedigree, which, indeed, is of a distinguished kind. The Company was formed in 1900 for the lawful purpose of "acquiring and taking over" the English business of the Badische Anilin and Soda Fabrik—the greatest chemical works in the world—and according to particulars filed in 1901, four of its first directors were resident in Germany, a country then bound to Great Britain by the sweetest ties of amity and goodwill. In the same year, Mr. Max Bock was appointed Managing Director, and as late as April, 1914, the four German Directors remained. Then came the war, but there was no hasty change in the personnel of the Badische Company. A register of Directors, dated December, 1914, contains the names of six gentlemen resident in Germany, only the Managing Director, Mr. Max Bock, being domiciled in Great Britain. This state of affairs seems to have continued until March 29th, 1915, when at a General Meeting of the Company five members of the Board, then resident in an enemy country, failed to secure re-election. At this point the Directorate was evidently pruned to some purpose, and the register dated April 3rd, 1915, shows only three names, the vigorous British sympathies of Mr. Max Bock having been reinforced by the appointment of a Mr. James Robertson, these two gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. Augustus Parker Stott and Dr. Ernest Erhardt, comprising the present Board. The latest available particulars, filed after the General Meeting in 1915, show that at that date 14 of the shareholders of the British Badische Company were resident in Germany, 3,473 of its shares being then held by the Badische Anilin and Soda Fabrik, of Ludwigshafen, on the Rhine. To this unvarnished statement of fact we need only add that the Badische Company, of Brunswick Place, City Road, N., is in no sense an enemy firm, but enjoys the full legal status of a British Company as understood at Somerset House and at the Ministry of Munitions.

A WORD TO WIVES.

VALUABLE HIGH COURT DECISION.

To the wives of their employees who enlisted in the early days of the war, Messrs. Thomas Moy, Limited, coal and coke merchants, of London and elsewhere, addressed the following circular letter:—

> We herewith have pleasure in enclosing P.O. for 5s., and which we shall have pleasure in making a weekly allowance whilst your husband is on National Service. We would also point out that we shall hold his situation open for him on his return. We appreciate his action at such a critical time.

This letter reflected no small credit upon the firm, but unfortunately they seem since to have grown weary in well-doing. In a second circular to the wives, dated June 19th, 1915, reference was made to the Government's revised scheme of separation allowances, which had "placed the allowance to dependents on a much more liberal scale." "Our firm thinks, therefore," they wrote, "that having given assistance during the period of need, they are entitled to withdraw it now that the need has been removed." Upon this plea the immediate discontinuance of the allowance was announced; but to judge from a recent decision in the King's Bench Division it is doubtful if Messrs. Moy, Limited, could have sustained their action upon legal grounds, to say nothing of the broader considerations inevitably arising. We have in mind the case in which the Stratford Co-operative and Industrial Society, having promised half-wages to an employee joining the Army Service Corps, had subsequently suspended payment on the ground that through promotion in the Service the soldier was no longer in need of such assistance. Upon these facts the Court held that the Society's promise amounted to a binding contract without conditions, on the strength of which the plaintiff had accepted certain responsibilities, and that such an agreement was legally enforceable as long as the employee was serving with the Colours. This important judgment may be commended to the notice of Messrs. Thomas Moy, Limited, and other firms, among them the Belfast and Fleetwood Steamer Company, who appear in this connection to have misconceived their legal rights.

A DESERTED DEATHBED.

CRUEL NEGLECT OF A PANEL PATIENT.

A professional correspondent of the *National Medical Journal* cites a glaring instance of what he mildly describes as "the inadequacy of the treatment of insured persons under the panel system." The circumstances are vouched for by the Editor of the journal, who has "visited and inquired fully into the facts of this very painful case." The doctor writes:—

> On January 7th I was called at 11 o'clock p.m. to a poor lad, aged 18, who was almost in a moribund condition, suffering from advanced phthisis. His mother informed me that on December 17th the boy had been sent home after several months' treatment at a sanatorium to receive the so-called domiciliary treatment at the hands of his panel doctor, and that the latter had declined to attend him, because he said the boy was living more than two miles from his house. The mother then asked two local panel doctors in succession to accept his transfer to their panel lists. One of them told her his panel was full; the other declined the case, at the same time saying that it was not likely that any doctor would accept on his panel anyone who was ill.

The writer adds that from December 17th to January 7th the patient had been "without medical or sickness benefit, without doctor or domiciliary treatment of any kind, without fire and without proper food, with the exception that he received one visit from his former panel doctor, who intimated at the same time that he could not continue the attendance." Meanwhile, the lad's condition is said to have been "pitiable in the extreme." There were all "the physical signs of advanced pulmonary disease, bed-sores, and acute thoracic pain, endured in poverty-stricken surroundings and under constant mental despair, occasioned by the knowledge that medical aid, paid for by his and his employers' contributions, was being wrongly withheld." No words of ours could add to the damning force of this indictment; and the mere possibility of such a scandal is a grave reflection upon State Insurance methods.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

THE TROUBLES AND TRIALS OF MRS HOPF.

During the Boer War a number of young teachers were sent out to teach in the concentration camps. Mrs. Mary Hopf was one of the first hundred, and taught in the Volksrust Camp, where amongst her pupils was a young man of Germhun parentage—at least, on one side; his mother was French. Within a year she became engaged to him. After her return to England her *fiancé* studied at the Pretoria Normal College, obtained his B.A., and eventually was appointed to a head-mastership in the Transvaal. He then became a British subject, and the two were married. Mrs. Hopf goes on to tell us that her husband is most thoroughly British in his ideas, and always hated the Germhun military system; his father is editor and publisher of a newspaper which is anti-Prussian. Her husband is now interned in Ruhleben, and "the military authorities refuse to consider him in connection with the exchange."

In November, 1914, Mrs. Hopf came to England from Germhuny with her two little ones "after two-and-a-half months of suffering at the hands of the German populace." At Porth Kilworth she obtained a post as schoolmistress, and has "struggled along against very great odds until now," but has at last resigned. Her Germhun name aroused popular feeling against her, though she was born in Rugby, and her parents still live there "I often wish," she goes on to say, "I were a Belgian refugee. I am not asking for pity, and I shall try to get another school in Warwickshire, but I felt so lonely and friendless I thought perhaps if I told you this it might help in some way. Is there anything I can do to make things go more smoothly, or do you think such as I ought to be exterminated? My husband is a man and a Britisher to the backbone, as all in Ruhleben will testify. I am well-known at the Foreign Office."

Certainly we do not think the lady should be exterminated; she is in the unfortunate position, not uncommon, as we have said, of being an Englishwoman married to a man of Germhun parentage. It is the fault of the Germhuns themselves, who have preached a gospel of ferocious hatred against this country, and who have committed, and still commit, crimes outraging all chivalrous and humane ideas of war, which has made every Germhun, naturalised or unnaturalised, suspect in this country. No British woman can bear a Germhun name in this country and expect to be free from hardships. We should be sorry, however, if a brave woman were penalised in her means of livelihood for herself and her children in this country for no other reason than that she bears a Germhun name. If we have at last schooled ourselves to be magnanimous to aerial murderers like the crew of L15, treating them as honourable prisoners of war, then if there is logic in mercy we ought to be pitiful to defenceless women, such as Mrs. Hopf, fighting bravely against the natural hardships of their lot.

"NASTY LOVEDROPS."

THE SECRET SHILLINGSWORTH EXPOSED.

We know now what these "Lovedrops" are, as purveyed by Reilly, of Meath Street, Dublin. It will be remembered that we objected to him offering his "secret" for 1s. 6d. to a young lady, insinuating that the things would "act instantly on both sexes," and would "make your sweetheart go absolutely wild over you." A male reader sent Reilly one shilling for the same article. He was led to expect "a month's supply"; what he got was a more printed recipe, 12 lines of type on a morsel of paper. The ingredients include essence of violets, jasmine, orange flowers extract, oil of lemon peel, balsam of Peru, nitro-benzol, and spirits of wine. The directions indicate that this precious concoction, instead of "acting instantly," must stand one month in bottle, after which it may be "used on clothes, etc., in drops." Away vanishes the claim about your sweetheart "going absolutely wild over you"—the lovedrops merely go absolutely splash over you "like perfume." The scheme is just an imposition. It appeals in a nasty way to people's passions, bleeds them of 1s. or 1s. 6d., and is, after all, nothing but a recipe for making scent.

UNCONTROLLED CONTROL.

CURIOUS CASE OF A CANTEEN.

Judging by an example of its operations, some M.P.s might profitably inquire who controls the Liquor Control Board. For the accommodation of the dockers at Avonmouth a canteen was erected, costing, when equipped, about £2,500. The Central Control Board paid for this. In the canteen they sold cheap meals, tea, ginger-pop, and, of course, cocoa. Evidently the dockers thought the diet too weakening, for beer has been laid on. It is supplied not to dockers only, but for whomsoever will may come. There is a large painted notice which says, "To the Canteen. Open to the Public." And it is open in the morning and afternoon during hours forbidden to the ordinary public-houses. At 3.50 p.m. a member of the public went into that canteen and bought half-a-pint of beer for 1½d. This is a cut price, for the licensed houses charge 2d. He proceeded to invite another man to have a drink, and he paid for both. And one more "outsider" came inside, and paid for a pint of beer, which was taken away in a bottle, being sold for consumption off the premises. It was found to measure one pint and a noggin. Thus the Liquor Control Board, on their own premises, sold liquor during hours prohibited for licence-holders; they permitted treating; and they indulged in the long pull. And if Lord d'Abernon and Co. do not take proceedings against themselves, it is evident they are countenancing an anomaly discreditable to the Board and grossly unjust to the local licensed houses.

A BOX OF BLOCKS.

MASQUERADING UNDER TWO FLAGS.

Believing in "British toys for British boys," a lady bought in Sheffield a cardboard box containing "New Interlocking Building Blocks, No. 1." Such was the wording printed on the label, but an extra printed tab stuck on the corner stated, "British Made." She was so pleased with her purchase that she went to the same shop, five weeks later, for a similar box. When she got it home she noticed that the little gummed tab, "British Made," was missing, and closer examination revealed—horror of horrors!—the dreadful legend, "Made in Germany," on the picture label. This was surprising, for both boxes and their contents seemed to be identical in all other respects; but the truth of the matter was soon made manifest. The pictures occupy nearly all the space of the label, but there was originally a thin blank margin round the design, and it is in this margin that the words "Made in Germany" appear. The margin had been cut away in the case of the box first bought, and so the offending and offensive things were passed off as "British Made." It was a clumsy tradesman who exposed the unworthy trick on a second purchase.

THE VANISHED ENLARGER.

STORY OF A SOLDIER'S PRIZED PHOTOGRAPHS.

Complaints about photographic enlargements are, like the poor, always with us. The latest is a peculiarly hard case. Ronald Stuart, of 33, Whitehall Gardens, Chiswick, promised, for 10s., to make enlargements of two photos, the only pictures of the dead father and mother of a soldier, one of the Lincolns. After the arrangement was made, the soldier was suddenly summoned to the front, so he wrote to Stuart, asking for the enlargements to be sent to his sister. When the man returned to England he was minus a leg. Nothing had been heard of the photos, but Stuart had been written to, with the intimation that it was quite time they were sent. He demanded an apology for that very truthful statement, and the soldier, who dearly wanted those portraits of his beloved parents, sent an apology. But he has received no answer of any kind, and can get none. We wrote to Ronald Stuart on his behalf, but our letter has been returned, marked "Gone away from 33." Our deep sympathy goes to a brave man, and we put it to Ronald Stuart, wherever he may now be domiciled, that he must not deprive this soldier of his prized photographs. It is an act of unthinkable meanness.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear First Lord,—In what appear to me to be national interests, I venture to ask whether you can state the decision of the Admiralty in regard to the salving of the Germhun Zeppelin L 15. It is public knowledge that the Aeronautical Institute of Great Britain have offered to undertake the work at their own expense, believing that this murder-airship of the Germhuns can be raised, rebuilt and utilised within three months for our own purposes. That is a question of fact on which I am not competent to give an opinion. The offer, however, comes from a competent body of practical men, and in these circumstances it should be accepted—*unless something I have heard is true*—but, of course, mum's the word.

John Bull.

To the Prime Minister of Holland, Amsterdam.

Dear Mr. Neutral,—"German troops on the Dutch frontier"—so the cat is out of the bag, is it? The Dutch Government do well to make their preparations, for when the Germhuns run riot all their legions will rush for the Liége gap. They will want a wider space, my dear sir, and Holland will admirably serve their purpose. It is going to be neck or nothing—and, in their view, Holland may be damned. He is a wise Prime Minister who takes time by the forelock. Be warned by our example. John Bull.

To Sir John Lawrence, President, General Council Central Conservative and Unionist Associations, Wimbledon.

Dear Sir John,—You spoke well and wisely at Caxton Hall in agreeing with me that we have too few Business men in Parliament. "Unless this country recognises that its stability largely depends on the Business way it is run in the future, we shall fall back instead of going forward as a prosperous nation and a prosperous empire." As you know, I am always telling people that the professional politicians have done their best and their worst. At the next General Election Business men should have their chance; they will cost a great deal less, they will do a great deal more good. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G.

My Dear Derby,—You have done the right thing. That Air Committee, as my friend "P. B." told you, was just like all Government Committees—formed for delay and not for action. As he also told you, your name was being thrown as a bone to the dogs of public dissatisfaction. Well, you have decided not to be a party to the game of Make-Believe, and your resignation may have the effect—I only say "may"—of forcing the Government to deal like practical Business men with the Air Service. But what about your other position—that of Director General of Recruiting? The married men think that if you resigned that also, you would put an end to all present humbug and uncertainty. Why don't you make up your mind? John Bull.

To Mr. Alderman Cock, Bideford, Devon.

Dear Alderman,—Bideford has a fine reputation for fighting Devonians; I am afraid you are bent on dimming its lustre. When it was moved in your Council that no contracts should be entered into with Germans or Austrians, you dissented from this view on the quaint and comical ground that, as Bideford had once subsidised a German band, Bideford would "do it again for certain." Your Chairman hoped not, but you again affirmed your opinion that "we should, under similar circumstances." Doesn't it strike you as scandalous that you should express your readiness to return to the old regrettable conditions? I am sorry to say that the motion was lost, by five votes to four; so apparently Bideford Councillors are, like yourself, quite willing once again to hug German bandsmen to their breast. But the soldier boys of Bideford and the men and the women are, I am confident, of another opinion. If you must love German bands, go to Germany and hear them play "The Hymn of Hate."

John Bull.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Boyd, Dublin.

M'Lud,—Among the priceless pearls of wisdom which fell from your lips when trying cases at the Belfast Assizes the other day, perhaps the most precious was that which took the form of a spoken wish that there were an Act of Parliament prohibiting dancing for young people in the evenings. This jewel was followed by another only slightly less lustrous: you declared dancing classes to be most pernicious and a curse to the country. No matter what immediate grounds you may have had for your remarks, your wholesale condemnation of an innocent, if somewhat vacuous, amusement bespoke the narrow mind, and was an insult to the youths and maids. One of the glories of our realm is the freedom with which young people of both sexes are permitted to mingle in social enjoyment, thereby begetting a mutual confidence and encouraging a self-control which are hard to find in anything like the same degree in any other country. You would destroy one of the last surviving relics of "The Good Old Times." You confirm my long-held opinion that an Act of Parliament, not forbidding young people to dance, but prohibiting Judges from making fatuous and injudicious observations from the Bench, is highly desirable. I must draft one. John Bull.

To the Rev. A. W. T. Perowne, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Plymouth.

Dear Vicar,—I am sorry to find you ranged on the side of the goats, and joining in the "Germany must not be crushed" twaddle. In fact, you go further, and seem to believe she cannot be crushed, for you told the Buffaloes and Foresters that "Germany was going to live, whether we won or whether the battle was drawn." As for shutting Germany "out of the trade of the world, she was not going to be shut out. We could not do it." We could not shut her out—and you could not shut up, for you claimed that peace must ensure "that none got the better of the other." You admitted this was a very unpopular doctrine, and so it is, for I hope it is held by only yourself and a few other weird, cranky bodies. I affirm that we shall get the better of the Hun; while, as for trading with Germany after the war, let me adopt the language of the classics and say, "Yes, *I don't* think." John Bull.

To Canon Lyttelton, Headmaster, Eton College.

Sir,—You have taken an appropriate course in resigning, as from Christmas, your headmastership. It is often said that British battles are won on the playing fields of Eton, but upon my word I have frequently doubted whether Eton would win many battles against the Germhuns if the result depended on the inspiration of your patriotism or the uplift of your public example. Of Britain in her battles, her sacrifices, and her purposes it may be said, *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam.* This you have, apparently, forgotten; forgetting, I cannot think you have been otherwise than late in your farewell. John Bull.

To Herr Brelthaupt, Commander L 15, Chatham.

Mein tear Freundt,—I zom few vordts sendt to greet you mit hoch, hoch, hoch! now dot you here vos mit your Zeppelin gone vot der man in our strasse call bust. Der lodgings giff to you by the British Government vos goodt, I hope; und dot vos so, don't it? Yes. Vell, I feels happy very much because zom freundt tole-me dey make you comfy as never vos. I spose you dink wen der Zepp. gedt der shrapnel in der nose und fall in der wasser midt a break of his blooming back dot der patrols men blow oudt your brains, or ledt you drown, or string oop you by der neck adt der lamp-posts, eh? Budt dass vos nodt at all, mein tear Herr. Ve no tam Britishers like der Jermhuns haff godt der idea; no. Ve British vos a noble race, vich nobody can deny und so zay all of us. Dis der reason vos you and der oder baby und vomen killers mit you vos dake vrom der vatery krave, insteadt of gedt sendt down—down to vere Davy Jones indrodooces you to von great gompany of your Jermhuns freundts in Hell. I zay to you dot ve ver goods peoples all der dimes to everyding Germhuns, so ve you giff goodt everytingt der best—nice house, nice chair, nice vedderbed, nice dings vor to eat, und if you dink dot anydings dere vos you like mores I ask you dot you pleases mention him mithout blush. Guto Nacht.

John Bull.

THE "PROTECTOR."

GERMANY (to Holland): "Now, look here, my lad, there's a lot o' dangerous characters knocking about here just now; you'd better let me see you safe through the wood."

"O.T.C."

(*Confiding Cadet.*)

"Hang it all, I couldn't make it out at first. When fellows in the habit of accepting your Cigarettes for some time suddenly and politely refuse them, it puzzles a chap a bit. One day I asked Vincent the reason, and he said they were all smoking Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes and had given up the other kinds. So, of course, I bought a packet, and tumbled to it at once. They're absolutely IT!"

9d. for 20

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB" CIGARETTES

Of all High-class Tobacconists. Sample, 20 for 9d., post free, from Selfridge's, Oxford Street, London.

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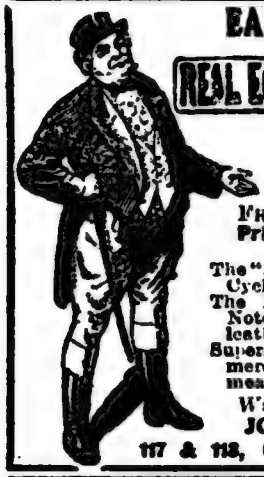

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is the finest curative agent in the world for all ailments affecting the skin, arising from any cause whatever. Those who have once used these famous preparations always keep them at hand for emergencies, and recommend the treatment to others, the chief way by which Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., became so well known to all classes of Society.

A Headingley lady writes:—

"Kindly send large tin of Dr. Pogson's ointment and three tablets of soap. When away from home last summer I was stung by a venomous insect, and for a month the sore would not get better. On returning home I used your Ointment, and was delighted. It relieved the pain at once, and I was soon quite better." (Original filed for reference.)

Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment, 1s. 3d. & 3s.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap, for Perfect Skin Beauty, 1s.

At all Branches Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Boots' Cash Chemists, also leading chemists, or direct from Pogson, Malton, Leeds. Mention "John Bull."

SPOOK OR SPOOF?

PRO-GERMAN GHOST ON THE SPOUT.

Miss Annie Kenney tells a tale to make your hair curl. It is all about a lady living in London, who claims to be the medium through whom talks a spirit that was once Voltaire, and is now an American doctor named Coulter. Mrs. Herbine is the spiritualist in question, and her sittings are booked two hundred deep.

According to Miss Kenney, Dr. Coulter—the spirit speaking through Mrs. Herbine—declares that peace will come after political negotiations—and that negotiations are now going on; that Lord Haldane is helping in them; that Haldane is a good man, and "Grey" is a good man; also Mr. Asquith. There are a great many similar observations and remarks, some silly, some suspicious, but all more or less pro-German in tone, and tending to advocate a premature and ruinous peace. Miss Kenney seems inclined to think Sir Edward Grey and Lord Haldane might be influenced in this way, but we doubt whether Sir Edward is sufficiently "weak-willed." Lord Haldane is, of course, hopeless; with a "spiritual" home in Germany, there is no reason why he should not take spiritualistic lodgings in London. But our own idea, if we are to accept the story as entirely true, is that Mrs. Herbine is only one more clever lady with silly people for clients.

THE GOLDEN WEST.

A WARNING TO WAR WIDOWS.

The Salvation Army's scheme for shipping war widows and their children to Canada, comes under severe analysis in a letter we have received from a Devonshire woman with nine years' experience of the Golden West. And she pleads that the Salvation Army shall tell the women the truth before sending these widows out, not dwelling only on the rosy side. "Believe me," she writes, "many of the folks already allured out here by the Salvation Army never knew what a tough proposition life on a homestead is. Without capital it is hard work to expose a woman to, with a family but without a husband to toil for her. When they arrive they find nothing but prairie and sky, with miles between them and the next settler." The widow's pension, says our correspondent, will be useless, "especially in winter, when food is dear and farmers and homesteaders are nearly starved for want of fuel, which last year could hardly be bought in town. It was 57 and 60 degrees below zero for six weeks in the West, and never rose above zero. In such circumstances, if I were a lone woman I would far rather be under the land than on top." These plain, hard facts come from a woman "who likes Canada, and is proud of it for lots of things." But, out of her woman's heart, she tells the truth for the sake of her sisters.

'WARE GOVERNMENT POLICIES!

DISGRACEFUL DODGERY OF A CLAIM.

Though prodigal of the taxpayers' cash in almost every direction, when it comes to distributing money subscribed by people who have paid them premiums for insurance against damage by Zeppelin raids, the Government are extraordinarily mean. Before undertaking any liability whatever, they require the payment of a substantial premium; what they do in return is shown in the case of one reader—there are others—who resides in a town on the East Coast recently visited by Zeppelins. In their endeavour to spread Kultur from the skies, these machines completely wrecked his home. He is insured under the Government scheme, for which he paid heavily; he is also insured with us, for which, of course, he paid nothing. In due time he made his claims upon both insurers, and in an interview which one of our representatives had with the Government Assessors it was agreed that the fair course would be that the loss should be borne in equal shares by both funds. Within a day or two, however, the claimant wrote us that the Assessors had repudiated this verbal agreement, stating that it would be necessary for him to exhaust this journal's insurance before a penny would be paid under the Government contract. Such quibbling is a disgrace to the officials; its injustice is palpable, and, even from the lowest mercenary point of view, unwise. That such a shuffling dodge should be resorted to shows the despicable depths to which the official mind has fallen, and is clamorous of warning to anyone who may be tempted to throw money away upon a Government policy.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD":—

"The men had on STOCKINGS ONLY. . . . All were in NAVAL UNIFORM."

"BRIGHTON ARGUS":—

"At 9.30 this morning, Mr. Asquith arrived in the Italian war zone. . . . The Premier passed through the gaily-decorated villages on his way to the ITALIAN HEADQUARTERS in BERLIN."

"NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL" (advt.):—

"Wanted, by respectable married couple, Board-lodgings, WITH BED TO SELF, WITH ACCOMMODATION FOR WIFE IF NECESSARY."

"EVENING NEWS":—

"Boxing. In a ten rounds contest Sir Shields, of Scotland, is to meet Young Magnus, of St. George's. Willie Farrell and COLONEL Billie Fullerton have matched for fifteen rounds at Hoxton next Monday."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—

"Two airships CROSSED the north-east coast last night. ONLY ONE CROSSED the coast, the other turning back."

"STAMFORD AND RUTLAND NEWS":—

"The ground was strewn with the DEAD of both sides, SOME RAISING THEIR HEADS FOR HELP, OTHERS ASKING FOR A DRINK."

5% Exchequer Bonds.

To the Shopkeepers of the Nation.

WHEN we were first called a nation of shopkeepers, the name was given in scorn. To-day the name has become a source of pride, for in this great crisis the shopkeepers of the nation have played their part magnificently.

Their sons and their employees have gallantly responded to their Country's call, and many of them have already distinguished themselves on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

But the shopkeepers of the nation can do more than this. *They can lend their money to their Country* in order to carry the War to a successful issue.

The shopkeeper's security in his business depends on the bravery of our men in the fighting line.

A shopkeeper could not carry on without the sacrifices they are making, and he can now help them by lending his money to the nation.

Every trader should cheerfully invest every sovereign he can spare in 5% Exchequer Bonds. Every investment is a blow struck at the enemy; every pound invested helps to shorten the War and to save the lives of our sailors and soldiers.

Repayment of these Exchequer Bonds is guaranteed in full on December 1st, 1920, and Exchequer Bonds will be accepted as cash in subscribing for a new Loan.

The Bonds will be issued in multiples of £100.

THERE are also £5, £20 and £50 Bonds, paying the same high interest and offering the same advantages, full particulars of which can be obtained at any Post Office.

THE CRUEL STAB OF RHEUMATISM

URILLAC

Better than Aspirin.

Cheaper than Aspirin.

Rheumatism is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken.

But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric Acid must be treated *through the blood*. The Uric Acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

URILLAC THE CERTAIN CURE FOR:—

Urillac effects a certain cure where everything else has failed. It is taken up by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease. Urillac is supplied in handy, portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists and Parkes' Drug Stores, at 1s. 9d. and 3s., or post free from

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104, Piccadilly, London, W.

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Mr. Robert Thomas, Gilfach, near Bridgend, South Wales, who had suffered for 40 years from Asthmatic Cough, writes :—" Often I could not work for shortness of breath and wheezing, and I was always coughing and spitting up phlegm. Sometimes I dared not go to bed for fear of choking. I tried many cough preparations, and had medical advice, but I never found any real, lasting benefit until I commenced taking Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I was in the middle of a very bad attack, and Veno's relieved me as nothing else had ever done. Almost from the first my breathing became easier, and the cough went away. At the present time I am in better health than ever in my life."

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THAT LOVELY LOAN.

A FLY IN THE FINANCIAL OINTMENT.

By Giles Ginger.

Seeing that several other people have made remarks of one sort or another about the Loan, I crave leave to say a few words also. That the Chancellor of the Exchequer will get his £500,000,000, and a bit over, I have not a doubt in the world; all the same, this is to state that, as a Finance Minister, he has not the imagination of a trussed duck. Every schoolboy who cleans his mother's table knives and runs night errands for a Saturday's ha'penny knows by this time that he could raise millions of gold by screwing 'em out of that patient and long-suffering consumer of thistles known as the "income" taxpayer. Once again the Government lays and binds him on the rack of the unmiraculous McKenna, and while the poor beast is writhing with cracking joints, lacerated muscles, and tortured nerves, the rest of the Government stand around and relieves his pockets of anything up to five shillings in the £. Meanwhile the official drum-banger from the Treasury stands over him and booms into his dome of thought the gladsome news that, though he may suffer a bit on income tax, all his pain and sorrow will vanish if he lends a grateful Treasury the remainder of his earthly substance for five years on the security of the loveliest 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds that ever he did spy. Being an ass and a patriot, he probably says that if McKenna will let him up from the thumbscrew and the rack, and carry him on an ambulance to the Exchequer Bond department, he will spend all his own money on them and the missus's as well. And one dreary morning he awakens with a start, throws off the bedclothes, and makes for the front door, where the postman is clamouring to deliver the dividend warrant. Staggering back again to the sacred chamber, he at once falls down in a fit. His cold and clammy hand is clutching tightly the warrant for interesting 5 per cents., but 5 per cent. less income tax—say, 3¾ per cent. or 4 per cent.—and opening the morning's newspaper the missus discovers that, on the top of this, his invested capital and hers is down points in the market, and that the true value of their money, if lent elsewhere, would be 5½ per cent. or 6 per cent. Truth is, it is in British finance as in all else—we have neither the imagination nor the will to get out of the rut. The £300 to £700 a year salary-earner, and the salaried men beyond him, are at once the easiest and the most obvious for a Treasury Claude Duval to plunder; and he is plundered, and will be plundered "according," until every available sou is extracted from him. There are other fools in the world, of course, but of all the fools born into this vale of tears there can surely be no fool so patient, so pitiful, and so hopeless as the British income-tax payer. Beat him, kick him, plunder him, and then throw him out of the window; he has not the pluck of a worm to retaliate.

TAKING THEIR MEASURE.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

By the Candid Cutter.

I were called up to run the tape over Mr. Walter Runciman one day last week—Thursday, I think. When a man what 'as had to sell his business on account of the war goes and takes a cutter's job in London, he can't be expected to realise his subordinate position right off the reel, and is likely to have trouble in consequence. I found that out on the occasion I were speaking about. Just before I goes into the fitting-room my employer comes tip-toeing out, rubbing his hands, and whispers: "The Right Honourable Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade," and further tips me a wink, which I were at a loss to comprehend.

"Good morning, sir," I says. "The Rt. Hon. Runciman, I'm informed. You wish to be measured for a frock coat and vest, I understand?"

He muttered something, and I set about it, making my own notes of the measurements.

"And how is his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury?" I says, running him round the waist.

"How the Devil should I know?" he says.

"I should have thought you would, sir," I says, "seeing as his Grace is a member of the Board of Trade."

He were silent.

"Is the Speaker of the Irish Parliament pretty well, sir?" I asks, taking his sleeve length. "Another member of your Board, I believe, although I have heard as he's been dead for years."

"Kindly devote your attention to your work," he snaps. "I find your conversation disagreeable."

"I'm sorry for that, sir. I've often amused myself by picturing the Archbishop and the dead Irish Speaker discussing matters of trade, with you at the head of the table. It were a good subject for a film, sir, don't you think, called 'How England is Governed'?"

He were rude enough to make no reply, but fidgeted with his watch.

"Was you in a hurry for the garments, sir?" I asks.

"Yes, a great hurry," he says. "I'm crossing to Paris shortly, and want everything complete and in readiness in good time."

"That were a wise precaution, sir," I replies. "That were the late Lord Roberts' principles in respect to the defences of the country, I believe. Don't it seem strange to you, sir, that them gents what was most opposed to his idea, and even went so far as to say his warning speeches was deplorable, are the same men as at present are trying to manage the war?—I quite forgot for a second you was one of them gents. I had no wish to hurt your feelings, being sure nobody regrets what's past more than you do."

He didn't even say "Thank you" when I helped him on with his coat. And I had a far from pleasant interview with my employer subsequent.

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IT'S A PLEASURE TO EAT

If your digestive organs are in a sound and healthy condition, if they are extracting nourishment from the food you eat, there ought to be no sign of pain or discomfort. But thousands are afraid to eat because of the pains that follow even their lightest meals. Possibly the stomach is out of order, the liver a little sluggish, or the bowels constipated. Get them into a state of healthy activity by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and you will be able to eat without any painful after-effects. Your food will be well digested. You won't know it is being digested, and that, after all, is the best test of good digestion—not to know about it.

WHEN MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Thirty drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup, taken after meals, have helped tens of thousands to enjoy their food, and enabled them to avoid the pains and miseries of indigestion. Think of their experience, and profit by it.

Mrs. E. Tustain, of the Post Office, Barford St. Michaels, Oxfordshire, says it is mainly due to Mother Seigel's Syrup that she maintains her health.

"I was a great sufferer from indigestion for many years," she said on Dec. 17th, 1915. "I had no appetite, and what food I did eat seemed to do me no good. I had frequent bilious headaches and acute stomach pains, caused, I believe, by acid gases in the stomach. I took Mother Seigel's Syrup and were it not for the splendid curative properties of this remedy, I am certain that now, at the age of 80 years, I could not enjoy my food as I do."

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The 2/9 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 size.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We are much gratified at the result of our appeal on behalf of the Rhodesian trooper who came to England to offer his services, but, unfortunately, met with an accident which resulted in the loss of his left arm. Immediately upon the appearance of our paragraph we had proof of the sympathy of our readers of all classes. The sums sent ranged from the humble shilling postal order to a cheque for £3. We beg to offer the kind donors our own thanks and those of the old trooper, who is progressing well, and will leave the hospital with brighter prospects.

A Bluejacket was invalided from his ship, suffering from acute rheumatism, and was naturally unable to undertake work. It is not often that the Admiralty errs in such cases, but this poor chap was not given his discharge paper for a considerable time, and by some oversight the pay due to him was also held back. When his plight was related to us we, in nautical parlance, "threw him a rope."

A frost-bitten Tommy was sent home, and suffered in common with many of his comrades from lack of money, owing to his accounts not having been sent forward. He had no food for himself and family, and to make matters worse the landlord placed him under notice of eviction. We gave the man the relief of which he stood in need.

Another soldier was returned to his wife and five children, pending his discharge. The gallant fellow was one of the heroes of Gallipoli, where he contracted consumption. He had no money, and, like the soldier just mentioned, was dismayed by a notice from his landlord to quit his humble home. The mental condition of the fireless and foodless family may be imagined, and naturally we promptly came to the rescue.

Discharged and, like thousands of other ex-soldiers, waiting for his pension and starving meanwhile, a man who saw much fighting before receiving a knock-out blow from the Germhun gunners, applied to us for help to tide him over the time during which the Chelsea Commissioners are making up their minds what pension they will grant him. Owing to his wounds, the poor chap cannot undertake work, and we at once gave all the assistance in our power.

Yet another wounded man, whose ankle was shattered by shrapnel, came to us. His case was very similar to that last mentioned, and his distress was also great. The registered letter which we were able to send him brought a ray of sunshine into his home.

A soldier boy was sent home wounded badly, and was placed in a military hospital in England. His mother in Ireland was notified, and at once set out on the long journey to see her lad. Unfortunately, the poor creature arrived a few hours after he had passed away, "and," she wrote, "I could only see his dear dead face." Already in straitened circumstances, the cost of her travel overwhelmed her financially. She was advised to write to us, and we extended to her the solid sympathy of our fund.

A victim of vaccination was discharged from his regiment owing to illness resulting from the operation. He is practically totally disabled, and being only on Home Service was not entitled to any compensation from the Government—their "bounty" being confined to men who contract disease or suffer from wounds received while at the front. We readily helped him.

A widow surrendered her only boy to the Service. When he was leaving she gave him her blessing and good wishes. The lad is still at the front. When he went she was able to maintain herself; but she is now in want through illness. Of course we took action.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

S. P., 10s. 6d.; M. K., 1s. 6d.; C. H. Y., 6d., C. W. N., 1s.; "Lusitania," £1; A. S., 1s.; J. W., 3s. 6d.; "Bruce," 2s. 6d.; C. M. W., 2s. 6d.; B. H., 2s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 2s.; M. C., 2s. 6d.; R. B., 1s.; "Jean," 2s. 6d.; J. A. F., £1 1s., L. H., 2s. 6d.; A. T. S., £1; "Sportsman," 1s.; B. H. W., 2s.; "Constant Reader" (York), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; J. H. J., 1s.; Anon. (Horley), 1s.; "Anxious," 2s.; A. L. B., 1s.; W. H. & Co., 2s. 6d.; A. E. F., 1s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "Tiny Tot," 3s. 6d.; E. M. B., W. M. S., and C. M. T., £1; "From the Boys on A1 Gun, Purfleet" (per Sergt. A. E. F.), 5s.; "Devonian," 2s. 6d.; "Two Brummes," 1s.; Mrs. M. W., 2s.; I. R. T., 2s. 6d.; O. S. C., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. G., 10s.; G. M. G., 5s.; Anon., 1s.; "May," 1s. 6d.; A. R. (Leeds), 1s.; A. J. P., 6d.; "Pingus Pongus," 2s. 6d.; T. E., 2s.; "Master Mariner," £5; F. D., 2s. 6d.; Sapper A. S., 6d.; H. G. T., 10s.; W. H. W., 2s. 6d.; M. A. R. M., 1s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 8s.; "Result of Raffle for Bicycle" (per H. J.), £2 10s.; D. McK., 2s. 6d.; F. S. T., 2s. 6d.; "Subscribed by N.C.O.s and Men of the 1st G.H.Q., Anon. Park, B.E.F." (per C. L.), 332.85 francs; "From a Few Boys of the 105th F.A.," 7s. 6d.; M. H., 10s.; J. C., 8d.; F. O., 2s. 6d.; E. W. C., 10s.; R. M. W., per C. W., £5; N. M., 6d.; T. W. H., £2; Sgt. S. A. L., 5 francs; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Constant Reader" (Plymouth), 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Collected by S.G.O.'s Mess of H.M.S. *Shannon* (per F. P.), 10s.; J. B. R., £1; "Irishman" (Catford), 7s. 6d.; "Searchlight," 5s.; E. G. G., £2; "Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Swift*, 6th Subscription" (per F. L. C.), £1 5s. 6d.; W. L. P., 5s.; "A Trawler," 5s.; "Paddy," 2s. 6d.; C. W. (Durban), 10s; M. W., 2s. 6d.; Sgt. A. W. (per I.A.W.), 5s.; "South African Railway Guard," 5s.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; W. G. S. (Durban), 2s. 6d.; "Fusilier," 1s.; S. P. G. (Buenos Aires), 5s.; H. P., 7s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

London.—Mr. R. W. Howard, "Coach and Horses," Bruton Street, 2s. 11d.; Mr. A. E. Gilbert, "City Arms," Devons Road, Bow, 3s. 5d.; Mr. J. C. Downey, c/o Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, Stratford, 6s. 3d.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.; Messrs. Bridge and Co., 48, Brompton Road, 3s. 6d.

Shrewsbury.—Mr. A. Sinclair, Edwards Bazaar, Pride Hill, 7s. 6d.

Redditch.—Mr. C. S. Buckley, Spring Hill House Webheath, 7s.

Aberdeen.—Mr. T. C. Warren, University Bay Torry, 5s.

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Succour for the Deaf.

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OVER 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, who have given up learning by the old method, dismayed by the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of drudgery, let me tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect Naunton's National Music System, which is a real educator. The word "educator" means "to lead out," or "to draw out." It does not mean to "cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play, thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realms of music to you and give you many years of pleasure.

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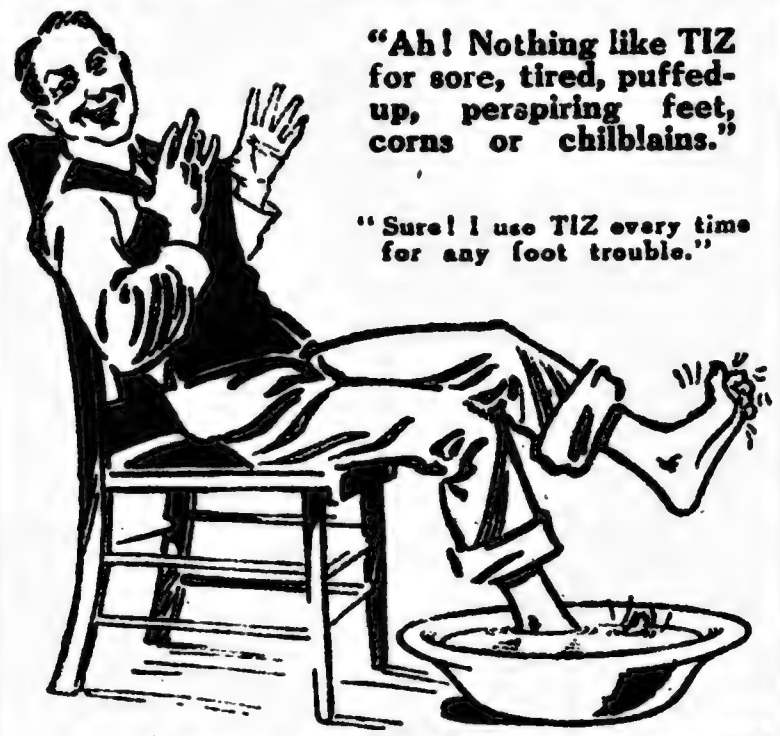

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

The Mystery Solved.

At the instance of many troubled Tommies in Scotland, we recently mentioned that they had been given travelling tickets marked "2-3," although the fare was less than a shilling, and at their request asked for an explanation. We have had it. The figures in question do not mean two shillings and threepence, but two-thirds rate. Now a considerable number of perplexed minds are set at rest.

Army English.

Lieut.-Col. Castleman-Smith, C.B. (this does not mean "confined to barracks"), is a punctilious man. A few days ago he issued an Order concerning the precise portion of the beach at Weymouth from which his men of the Dorsets should bathe. His order concludes: "Any person of the Battalion detected bathing in the prohibited area, if found alive, will be severely dealt with." May we ask what terrible torment awaits the drowned?

Regarding the A.P.D.

We are glad to know that, owing to Herculean work on the part of the Financial Department, complaints concerning pay and allowances due to our men and their dependents have been vastly reduced. The Army Pay Offices are now as perfect as the most intelligent human brain could make them. We congratulate the authorities concerned on their splendid work, and having minutely investigated the whole question, we can say that if any muddle exists it is due to negligent regimental and hospital officers, who often seem to think that their work in connection with settling the men's pay is a matter beneath their notice.

The Corps of the Forty Thieves.

From Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State, we have received a complaint to the effect that last November an Overseas Christmas Gifts Committee despatched thirty-seven parcels to an equal number of Jagersfontein soldiers serving at the front. The parcels were valuable, but not one of them reached the man to whom it was addressed! We are not surprised, as many of our own parcels sent to our fighting chaps have fallen among thieves. Having regard to the financial position of Tommy, this wholesale robbery of parcels is a particularly serious matter, and we suggest that Mr. McKenna should institute an inquiry and find out what Quarter-Masters, Company Quarter-Masters, and postal officials should be called upon to pay heavy Income Tax.

Worth Looking Into.

Once again we have to mention a Southern camp. We want an investigation made into the case of an officer whose circumstances have been laid before us by a responsible person. The man in question was placed under arrest pending court-martial, and was kept in his quarters for an unconscionable time. In his agony of mind he broke his arrest, but was captured within an hour or so. Our information is to the effect that when he was brought back he was placed in his quarters handcuffed, the usual guard with fixed bayonets being posted to see that he did not escape again. There was no warrant whatever for the handcuffing; and if it is true, as put to us, that the responsible Commandant refused to have the irons removed, notwithstanding the demands of the medical authority, and that the officer has been injured through wearing them, adequate steps should at once be taken to bring home to everyone concerned the view of the Army Chiefs upon the matter.

A Pertinent Question.

We understand that a soldier stationed at St. Albans died rather suddenly, and when the case was placed before the Coroner he, in his wisdom, decided that an inquest was not necessary. We wonder if this can be the case of a man of the 6th Staffords who, we hear, was seized with a fit. Should this be so, we should like to know the full circumstances. Was there a Medical Officer in charge? Was he warned, and did he see the man before he died?

Concerning the New Zealanders.

The New Zealand Cabinet appears to be sound—with the exception of the office of the Minister of Defence. We have read from time to time the hints in the New Zealand Government press organ that he should retire on his laurels, but he does not appear disposed to do so. The officers and men of the Expeditionary Force who are over here waiting to be despatched to the front are full of complaints concerning the department, and we suggest that the High Commissioner should cable to the colony asking to have an officer of General rank sent here at once to inquire into the whole question and report.

Officers and "Gentlemen."

Here is a hint for the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, who, we are glad to know, is keen to learn things. Early in the war we expressed our misgivings concerning the drapers' clerks and others to whom military commissions were given. Our tip is this: Of the many so-called officers of the type we mention, a proportion has been dismissed as useless. They, however, retain their uniforms, and are using the honourable garb for the purpose of bilking hotel and boarding-house keepers and others, and even to help in passing bad cheques. As those worthless ruffians have their uniforms purchased for them out of the public purse, they should be compelled to return them when they are sent back to civilian life. They are bringing discredit on what is in present circumstances a particularly honourable profession.

The Dropped Pilots.

We have had a deputation of well-tried officers—splendid fellows all—who have been driven out of the Service on the confidential reports of stockbroker and draper Colonels who never heard a shot fired unless at the ranges, are consequently jealous of their experienced subordinates, and exercise a power wrongly placed in their hands by the War Office. The men ask us to take part in assisting them to offer their swords *en bloc* to the French Army. This dismissal of fine men who know their trade is not only a scandal, but an outrage, and we have addressed Mr. Tennant on the subject. There are other outrages which we cannot refer to owing to the Defence of the Realm Act, but when the war is over we shall make matters quite clear, and the nation will wonder why they were not put in possession of the facts and why certain men who are trusted by virtue of their rank were not placed in the criminal dock to answer the charge of manslaughter.

Missing Men.

We will welcome news concerning the following men:—L.-Cpl. T. F. Daney, B Co., 11th Middlesex; Pte. A. W. Day, 7034, B Co., 2nd Bedfordshires; Pte. A. Headon, 11110, B Co., 5th Royal Berks; Pte. G. A. Halkon, 13628, Machine Gunner, 6th East Yorks; Pte. S. Burch, 13162, 2 Co., 1st Coldstream Gds.; Pte. T. Carter, 17034, Z Co., 2nd Lincolnshires; Driver L. Cockerill, 90123, 123th Field Co., R.E.; Pte. W. Thompson, 11959, 4 Co., 2nd Cheshires.

No more Face Spots or Eczema

Do you suffer with facial eczema, pimples, blotches, bad hands or blackheads? If so, suffer no longer, for Antexema removes every spot, rash, or sign of eczema. The first touch cools, soothes, and eases the inflamed surface, and all itching stops the same moment. Your skin trouble starts to go away immediately, new skin begins to grow, and day by day your skin looks healthier, until every blemish disappears. Accept the offer of a Free Trial bottle of Antexema to-day.

Whatever your skin illness is, it will be cleared right away by Antexema. It does not matter whether your trouble is on your face, hands, arms, legs, chest, or back, or how badly you have been disappointed before, Antexema cannot fail to cure you. Nothing else works such wonders. Antexema cures every form of eczema, eruption, baby rashes, ringworm, bad hands, bad legs, little scratches, cuts, and roughness of the skin, and every variety of itching, burning, pimply, or blotchy skin disease.

Antexema always succeeds

Get it at once and start your cure without further delay. While you are delaying, the trouble is making progress, and worrying, disfiguring, and humiliating you. Why not be comfortable and free from discomfort immediately?

Do your duty to your skin and at once get Antexema. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

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Get Antexema Free Trial

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.
Please send me family handbook, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps; also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Granules, the famous blood purifier.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL, 15/4/16 .....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY COLLECTION.—Many readers have suggested, apropos of Mr. Hales' recent article, that there should be a St. George's Day Collection, for the purpose of purchasing aeroplanes for every town in the Kingdom. What say the authorities?

T. McD. (Milford Haven).—We can understand your disappointment if you expected to find us "a big, bluff, plain-speaking, table-thumping, forceful orator." We never yet found it necessary to drive home our points by breaking up the furniture.

B. A. (Hexham).—"The biggest frauds and knaves are school teachers who pose as Labour men." Not quite the biggest, but such men have no real connection with labour; they much prefer their own soft jobs, and the workers are their dupes.

"FAIRPLAY" (Walsall).—We could all do with a holiday, but this is hardly the time to ask for cheap railway tickets. A bit cold-blooded to indulge in excursion jollities just now, eh?

"JUSTICE."—Details you supply prove many farmers' sons are shirking in the district of Calne, Wiltshire. We are afraid the same bad example is being set in other agricultural districts. The sons pose as shepherds or cowmen now; previously they would have resented the description.

G. W. (Normanley).—Our various opponents in our South Hackney contests were: Mr. Herbert Robertson, a barrister; Mr. Conway Wertheimer, a barrister; Mr. S. King-Farlow, a solicitor; the Rev. William Riley, a Nonconformist minister; and a Mr. Roberts, a schoolmaster.

"SIX YEARS' READER."—Recruit in Court at Rotherham wanted to see his dying mother. The Sergeant could not give permission, but offered to obtain it. The Bench granted permission. Such a case is very sad but why call it "Prussianism"? All that could be done was done.

"A MILITARY READER."—Like yourself, we take a serious view of the many Chinamen settling in Bristol, Cardiff, Liverpool, London, and elsewhere, monopolising the laundry business—and other trades not so clean. We have already expressed indignation at the appointment of a Chinaman as Medical Officer at Leicester. It disgusts us, to put it plainly.

E. L. B. (Thirsk Junction).—Your recruiting revelations are too local for notice in our compressed space. Besides, we guess you are quite capable of tackling matters on the spot with true womanly completeness.

"ONE OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS" (Clifton, Beds).—Glad to hear that permission granted to German prisoners at Aus, late German S.W. Africa, to come and go freely within five miles, is no luxury, because Aus is in the desert belt, there is no living thing within miles, and the nearest township is 47 miles away. Perhaps the idea is to let them wander and get lost.

E. G. (Stoke Newington).—Much meat is wasted in the Army because it is cooked so badly that the boys cannot eat it, but your remedy of getting the cooking done by motherly women, though it might do at home, would be unworkable at the Front.

A. T. (Long Sutton).—We sympathise fully in your hard case, but these are hard times. You have lived a plucky life, and we expect to hear your show is still on the road. Don't worry about local sarcasm; stick to it "till the boy comes home."

"A BELIEVER IN CONSCIENCE." (Birmingham).—No wonder you are ashamed of your name and address when you write, "The more of the criminal spirit a man possesses, the better the soldier. A real soldier is to a great extent a criminal. If he does not possess the criminal spirit he will never become a real soldier"! But there are crowds of complete scoundrels who are *not* soldiers. And we guess you are not in — khaki.

H. E. M. B. (Poplar).—Your "Bottomley Alphabet" is too flattering for publication in our own columns.

B. H. (Hull).—Very many thanks for your interesting letter with its most encouraging news. You give the war till the end of August. So mote it be!

"WINDMILL" (Barnes).—Your verses, "The Red Kaiser," gave us the needle in consequence of your having fastened the leaves together with one of those darnation implements.

J. P. (Merton).—Truly have all the post-war liquor restrictions given the worst type of policemen all the opportunities they could possibly desire for doing dirty tricks. The poor publican has, indeed, to walk warily nowadays.

"RUTH" says she "could write true hateful facts reaching to the blood-thirsty Germans." But so far as we can make out, "true hateful facts" are not allowed to reach the detestable swine.

"A MRS. BULL" (Ipswich).—You missed the point, which was that it would be as logical to abolish marriage because some persons commit bigamy, as to do away with drink because some people get drunk. The question as to whether bigamy may not in some cases benefit the victim does not arise, as they say in the Gas House.

J. S. (Southport).—The high opinion of the Rev. R. B. De Wolfe is much appreciated.

J. T. (Doncaster).—As the Government rate of insurance against damage from aircraft is 10s. per £100 to cover your house and contents, you are going to rely on the JOHN BULL scheme. Wise man—especially in view of the way in which the Government meets claims.

"LINCOLNITE" says she would rather forgo her "chocs" than miss JOHN BULL, which is very sweet of her. And we, since we do not smoke, would sooner forgo our tobacco.

J. M. (Everton).—Just because Mr. Fraser Lawson, one of the Managers of the Everton Valley Presbyterian Church, enlisted like a man, he has not been re-elected. We hope this treatment will make him more popular than ever.

"RATE AND TAXPAYER" (Bromley).—It is monstrous to summon a juryman living at Bromley to serve at Maidstone, making him pay his own fare and expenses.

"A VERY OLD READER."—You object to our remarks about foreign musicians in this country, and allege the British musician "thinks first of his booze and then of work." As you write inverted commas in the continental fashion, your scurrility explains itself. You are one of those foreign musicians we wrote about!

E. G. (London, E.C.) suggests that all shirkers and conscientious objectors should be made to wear a white feather in their hats. But creatures of that type do not deserve even a white feather in their caps.

J. C. (Heavitree).—Do not worry. We do not suppose for one moment that the Exeter Guardians will succeed in their efforts to get soldiers' wives' allowances cut down.

"THE OTHER SIDE" (Leicester).—It is satisfactory to receive your assurance that 80 per cent. of the so-called slackers are *not* bank and insurance clerks. At the same time, are you as well qualified to speak for the insurance companies as for the banks?

"CONSTANT READER."—When the single shirkers who have gone to Ireland to evade Military Service are found, they will be arrested as deserters, and brought ignominiously back.

PTE. H. M. (B.E.F., France).—We think no invidious distinction should be drawn between Kitchener's men and the Derby recruits. But the Conscripts are in a somewhat different category.

"DIVINE RIGHT" wants to know why the present Government should be tried and executed. For neither trying nor executing, we presume.

J. A. AND OTHERS.—No, Mr. Hales has nothing to do with this journal except as a contributor to its columns.

J. A. C. (Port Elizabeth).—Hardly ever publish verses which have appeared elsewhere. Nevertheless, thanks.

"PICKWICK" (Liverpool) laments that the local Dickens Society should be so misguided as to hold a whist drive and dance in time of war. Shocking!

S. W. W. (E. Sheen).—An anti-Germhun pledge in the same terms has been submitted to several public authorities.

PTE. A. R. S. (Abbey Ford).—The picture postcards of London were obviously printed in Germhuny before the war.

"A CORNISH LASS" (Penzance).—So your Scotch friend would persuade you that the inhabitants of Inverness are the only people in Britain who speak correct English. Tell him, with our compliments, that he's—a Scotsman.

W. N. B. (Norwich).—1864 pennies are worth £7 15s. 4d. The other coins you mention are each worth a little more than their nominal value.

G. H. (Swanage).—Having earned a pension by serving 27 years in the Somerset Police, you are now docked 7s. weekly because you have joined the Dorset force. A pension well-earned is really deferred pay, and the Somerset folk have behaved meanly. Tell them we said so.

W. C. B. (Aberdeen).—We necessarily agree with the views of Mr. George Duncan, the Aberdeen advocate, because they agree with ours.

"AMATEUR" (King's Co.).—The drawing is good, but three human figures with a dialogue beneath do not necessarily make a cartoon. The point should be in the composition itself.

"A LOYAL READER" (Shirley).—Only sixteen? You should be a top-hole poet some day if you carry on.

A. F. (Cardiff).—Your letters with their cryptic reference to some "Sister," your claim to have direct communion with God and Disaster—who, you say, came up to you in the street at Tenby—lead to the unhappy conclusion that your mind is unhinged. See a brain specialist.

"ALPHA" (York) would be glad to hear from any wealthy lady or gentleman who collects rare old religious books. Will some such lady or gentleman please step forward?

S. S. (Birmingham).—Not a word!

M. C. A. (Penang).—Thanks for sending us a copy of your local *Echo*; from which we gather that we are "a third-rate journalist of shady antecedents," and that it is "positively nauseating to reflect that over a million gaping idiots every week devour our scurrilous drivel." We must find a newsagent in Penang.

"ANON" and "A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—Very many thanks for the 10s. and £2, received on behalf of the sailor's wife harshly treated by the Gosport Magistrates.

T. C. (Torquay).—Taxi-drivers are entitled to a shelter on the Strand at Torquay for their sake, and because the public would know where to find them. Suggestion that the men should pay £15 for removal of a shelter from another spot is grotesque. Is the town stony?

"OLD AGE PENSIONER" (Sheffield).—Your gift of 1s. for "The Ryde Veteran" doubly appreciated. "It's the poor who help the poor."

A. B. (London, E.C.).—It is alarming to hear that the destruction of official Government papers is being supervised by a man of enemy alien parentage. How does one know what might be found and made a note of?

J. W. O. (Bradford).—Rude man. Cannot you try to be funny without being vulgar?

"ENQUIRER" (Elstree).—"Bullets" is the oldest competition now running. Over 500,000 prizes, value about £250,000, have already been awarded.

"THREE SISTERS."—We have forwarded your 5s. to "Little Thomas." Thanks.

K. M. (Cardiff).—We quite agree with you that it is disgraceful that so many employers should express an objection to the services of married women, especially when they are the wives of attested men who are being called up. An outspoken article on the subject, entitled "Wives Not Wanted," appears in this week's *Everywoman's*.

H. B., W. E. W., and "BILLIPEE."—We have had pleasure in forwarding your £1, 10s. and £1, respectively, to "The Woman of Wirksworth"—the mother of seven gallant sons.

"A POOR OLD PENSIONER."—Several readers have written us for your address. Will you please send it to us?

W. H. A. AND SONS (Manchester).—We note that Hanson and Gibbs' mystic "Three Small Bales" of Kraft paper have now miraculously grown to 32. Thirty-two reasons for having nothing to do with them.

W. G. (Belfast).—Write to the Ministry of Munitions, Westminster, if you and your chum are anxious to obtain work in a munitions factory, stating your age and full particulars.

A. A. B. (Peermade (?) S. India) wants the names of any trustworthy matrimonial agencies. As far as we know, there is none.

W. S. M.—You made ridiculous terms with the music publishers you mention. Obviously they are one of the many shady concerns in that line.

P. L. (Bradford).—The most suitable place for the circulars of Stanley James is the fire.

H. M. (Charing Cross).—The Premium Watch Co., Normandy Place, Brixton Road, are flat catchers.

MRS. M. (Great Yarmouth).—Your independent stand at the Birmingham P.O. should be told in a Postmen's paper. Keep on worrying the P.O. till you get your stolen oilskin, or its value.

L. S. (Essex).—Sympathies. The writer himself lost a lovely turkey last Christmas because the label came off. Somebody at the Post Office enjoyed his Christmas dinner, that is certain.

WM. COOPER, LTD. (Old Kent Road).—We much regret that an answer to a correspondent last week was incorrect, inasmuch as it stated that a Winding-up Order had been made against this Company, whereas in fact the Petition presented for this purpose was withdrawn. Will our readers please note accordingly?

P. E. P. T. (Portland).—"I send a story for your paper which you may think worth purchase." We do not like chestnuts.

H. W. L. (H.M.S. ——, c.o. G.P.O.).—The child in the famous picture "Bubbles" is so beautiful that we think the model could not have been a boy.

"POET" (Snodland).—Your brother thinks your verses are very good, while your sister informs you they are rubbish. We have read the lines, and are of opinion that both criticisms err on the side of exaggeration.

S. N. T. (Keighley).—Do we "think Britain and her Allies are ready for the grand smash everywhere abroad?" Not half!

MRS. A. C. (Kingston).—Quite out of our line to value foreign postage stamps.

"A BRITISH RESIDENT."—The hostile aliens resident on the East Coast should be requested to "stump" it.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for April 8th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 136,478 and 791,526. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

In tipping you Lux last week for the Lincolnfield I was not very far out, though my subsequent advices pointed to the horse being short of one or two gallops, and in my SPECIAL I gave CLAP GATE the preference, and also sent him on the wires. Lux certainly looked a bit soft, but he ran remarkably well, and from the Press Stand it looked as though he had just won. The race was certainly a great success.

At Newmarket to-day (Wednesday), TROUTSDALE may win the Severals Stakes, SIR THOMAS the Babraham Plate and FRANCIS ARMAND the Granby Plate. To-morrow I like TRINITY SQUARE for the Flying Handicap, SIR DIGHTON for the Craven Stakes, and CONDOTTIERE for the Three-Year-Old Handicap.

The "SPECIAL" will not be published next week, but will appear again in time for the Newbury Meeting. Orders to Messrs. Odhams, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 27.

Three readers sent coupons showing only 2 errors and share the £100, each receiving £33 6s. 8d:—G. H. TAYLOR, 10, Temple Street, Middlesboro'; G. B. STOTT, 92, East Street, Braintree; F. WILLIAMS, 7, Woodall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in a correct claim:—
Private J. T. ROWBOTHAM (44,800), R.A.M.C., 21st Casualty Clearing Station, B.E.F. March 4th, 1916. 094,785.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 8th:—

016583	289548	539002	832471	A077869
027481	332764	568814	865634	A135528
069842	367501	592501	899033	A164395
124127	378342	611438	942569	A198762
139364	424873	644921	960758	A220238
179381	437618	690113	984166	A258427
190857	452926	725305	987342	A279922
190982	485327	758913	A017530	A315007
204761	502917	794329	A037742	A337653
246359	521742	800042	A058333	A386403

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published April 19th).

ANOTHER £5 PAID.

Our issue dated March 25th, 1916, and numbered 063786, for which a reward of £5 was offered, has been forwarded by Mr. HERBERT COTTERELL, Charlecote, near Warwick, to whom a cheque has accordingly been sent.

HAD YOURS YET?
If not, don't delay.
Cut out the Coupon opposite.
"JOHN BULL" PEN.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and lose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. April 15 1916.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

"BULLETS"—BIGGEST WEEKLY PRIZE-LIST

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

5,000 PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,000!

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 20th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(185) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 185," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, April 20th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(185) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 186.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before **THURSDAY, APRIL 27th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **186** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 186, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 186.

WHAT TOMMY WANTS	THE SOLDIER	SORRY CREW	TAKING A LIBERTY
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY	ENGAGING YOUNG LADY	LEARNING TO COOK	PROFITABLE PASTIME
MAKES US FLY	IN THE GARDEN	EVERY WOMAN'S DUTY	NOT FOR SALE
ZEPPELIN RAIDERS	UNPLEASANT AWAKENING	FINDING FAULT	A BAD BARGAIN
THE KAISER'S MISTAKE	CREATES A SENSATION	GETTING ON WELL	MY BETTER HALF.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 185:—

THE BUDGET'S EFFECT
OWING TO THE WAR
THE LATEST TAX
STICKING A MONTH
A BROKE PROMISE
UPSETTING THE CABINET
FURNISHING DIFFICULTIES
AN EARLY CALL
BEYOND A JOKE
A GOOD BOY
WHY MAID LEFT
KEPT SECRET
THE GERMAN MARK
FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION
SOFT GLANCES
AT THE PICTURES
RANK IMPOSTER
WHEN TOMMY'S PAID
SWEET GIRL
PURE AND SIMPLE
RAPID PROMOTION
WE ALL HATE
BRITISH TARS
PEACE AND PLENTY
FIRST SWEETHEART
WHEN FATHER HELPS
DOING NOTHING
GOOD AS GOLD
MOTHER'S GREETING
THE KAISER'S LAMENT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
GOOD AS GOLD.
Bullet:—
TOMMY, WHEN VISITORS ARRIVE.

Example:—
WE ALL HATE.
Bullet:—
WORKING MONDAY MORNING.

Example:—
SOFT GLANCES.
Bullet:—
ALGY LIKES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated May 6th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated April 15th.

RESULT OF 182ND BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. T. GRAHAM,
c.o. W. Wood, Lower Hayton, Ludlow, Salop.

Example:—WE ALL THINK.
Bullet:—WOMEN "DIVINE" THINGS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mrs. HOWIE,
8, Carfin Street, Govanhill, Glasgow.

Example:—SAYING NO.
Bullet:—TURKEY—IF ASKED AGAIN.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. L. WILLIAMS, Castle Square, Haverfordwest: VON TIRPITZ—FACE LESS "DRAWN" NOW.

Mr. J. CHEETHAM, 147, Turncroft Lane, Stockport: NEIGHBOUR'S PIANO—PLAYING "FOR ALL ETERNITY." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon).

Mr. W. ROBINSON, 95, Berwick Street, Bradford: SMASHING GERMANY—ALTOGETHER—MEANS ALL TOGETHER.

Mr. A. T. CLARK, 127, Dorchester Road, Weymouth: THE KAISER'S DREAD—MANY SUBALTERNS THINK THEMSELVES.

Rifleman P. QUITTENTON, 13, 3 Ward, Southwark Military Hospital, Dulwich, S.E.: TAKING IT EASY—SWEETHEART THINKS HE'S SLAVING.

Mrs. J. GERRARD, 56, Powis Place, Aberdeen: WHEN FIRST KISSED—SHE HAD "ANOTHER HELPING."

Mr. A. WARD, 3, Dawson Road, Handsworth, Birmingham: VON TIRPITZ—"PUSHED" FOR A REASON.

DOROTHY E. PATON, 8, Halton Road, Liscard, Cheshire: OUR OFFICE BOY—BUSY FIRST OF APRIL.

Mrs. E. BOWEN, 74, Corngreaves Road, Cradley Heath, Staffs: READY FOR SPRING—TOMMY'S AGE—FETCHING BEER.

ANNIE MARTIN, 23, Hamilton Road, New Brighton, Cheshire: WHEN CONSCIENCE SPEAKS—OFTEN UPON "COMPULSION."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. REG HAMMOND, 97, Trinity Road, Bootle: COURTING THE MAID—WIFE LOOKS "UGLY."

Mr. E. MARSHALL, Farnley, Newlands Avenue, West Hartlepool: WHEN FIRST KISSED—"A CUTE" STAGE REACHED.

Mr. O. LOBLEY, 3, Montague Villas, Montague Road, Slough, Bucks: TAKING IT EASY—DOCTOR EXAMINING COLONIAL RECRUITS.

Sgt.-major W. PARTNER, Dorset Yeomanry, Sherborne: VON TIRPITZ—THEREBY HANGS A "TAIL." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. H. G. CHIVERS, 13, Crandale Rd., Oldfield Park, Bath: WHEN FIRST KISSED—SHE LIKED "HIS REVERENCE."

Mr. FRANK SPARKES, Post Office, Lydd Camp, Kent: WHEN CONSCIENCE SPEAKS—STRANGE "PERSUASION" SOMETIMES.

Mr. A. E. MASSON, 83, High Street, Irthlingborough: TAKING IT EASY—THE AVERAGE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR.

Mr. J. R. SUMMERS, 40, Wallington Road, Portsmouth: WHAT GOVERNMENT WANTS—MALES SORTED THEM DISPATCHED.

Mr. WM. MCDOUGALL, 14, White Street, Partick, Glasgow: NEIGHBOUR'S PIANO—GETS OUR "WOOL" OUT.

Mr. J. W. BRYCE, 12, Gillside Grove, Roker, Sunderland: BROKEN OFF—A "TRIFLING" AFFAIR, EVIDENTLY.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday April 20th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(185) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 185," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, April 20th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(185) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" £1,000 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

£1,000 FOR AN ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

£250 IF ONE ERROR.

£100 MUST BE WON EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, April 22nd. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Blackpool will beat Preston you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Preston will beat Blackpool then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, April 21st. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp, or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM
			Blackpool	v.	Preston N. End
			Bury	v.	Burnley
			Liverpool	v.	Manchester U.
			Manchester C.	v.	Everton
			Oldham A.	v.	Stockport C.
			Barnsley	v.	Bradford C.
			Derby C.	v.	Notts C.
			Grimsby	v.	Hull City
			Leeds City	v.	Huddersfield
			Lincoln City	v.	Sheffield U.
			Stoke	v.	Leicester F.
			Faith R.	v.	Aberdeen
			Arcarieonians	v.	Partick T.
			Hibernians	v.	Ayr United
			Motherwell	v.	Queen's Park
			Dundee	v.	Morton
			Third Lanark	v.	Kilmarnock
			St. Mirren	v.	Hamilton A.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 30. Closing date, Friday April 21st.

"Good Company"

Now all you business men in town,
Who strive to keep expenses down,
Just take a hint from me;
Economy is my ambition;
This Chairman Juniors' proposition
For any man in high position
Is Excellent Company.

Economy in smoking does not mean *less quality* in the Cigarette. That only results in dissatisfaction and does no good—especially to the smoker. What it does mean is a little *less quantity*, or in other words Chairman Juniors. They have all the quality of the original Chairman Cigarettes, but are just a little smaller—a little less quantity—to enable them to be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the Cigarettes—there are no cards or coupons with them—and they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada. All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.